

# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER



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# NEWSPAPER

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GRAND BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



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SUPERS TOILETTES OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK, AT THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET, BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE  
CITIZENS, OCT. 18, 1860.—SEE PAGE 853.



ten years the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales have paid their respective pilgrimages to the tombs of Napoleon and Washington. In the Scriptural times these strange events would have been set down as special retributions or judgments from Heaven; in the middle ages they would have been recorded as the workings of remorse. Fortunately we live in an era when they are weighed at their real worth, evidences of that enlarged experience which takes the place of a faculty which was once considered inspiration, but is now known to be worldly wisdom, or cultivation of mind and heart.

There are, however, some races which defy this gradual elevation, and still revel in these hereditary prejudices, such as the Irish and Corsicans, and it is an effectual bar to all progression. It ignores the wisdom of letting bygones be bygones, and returns to that deplorable second childhood of never forgiving a whipping, a double lesson or a sanguinary nose. The man who cannot forget and forgive is either a child or a savage, a sulky cur or a ferocious Mingo. He is a Bourbon who forgets nothing and learns nothing.

Slurring an insult is very different from forgetting a wrong. The former is a weakness which encourages the repetition of the outrage; the latter is a magnanimity which forbids it. Low, ignorant and cowardly natures cannot realise a distinction which requires a truthful and courageous one to understand. Hence a certain portion of our adopted citizens forgot their oath to the Republic, and openly proclaimed that they were not American citizens but exiles, breathing vengeance against the friends of the Republic, simply because they were formerly their foes. In a word, their private pique outweighed a nation's welfare. We will not, however, pursue this unpleasant subject; but there can be no doubt it will have its full weight upon the American mind. We have had too many of these Corsican vendettas, and the emigrant must be very blind who does not see that the time for sectional malignities has past, and that the private quarrel must be forgotten in the general good.

It is sufficient for the great Republic of America that the Independence which a bigoted tyrant was forced to concede at the point of the bayonet, has been ratified by the son of his enlightened descendant. The tomb of Washington was the proper place to bury all recollections of the great old feud between a misled and tyrannical mother and a daring and independent child; and looked at in this its true light, history has no more important fact, and poetry no grander illustration, than when the second thought of England in the person of her young Prince bowed bareheaded to the tomb of the great patriot warrior of Virginia. It was posterity, through her highest-born representative, confirming the great principle of freedom. Would that we dare hope to see this worthy example carried out, and behold the factions of our native land burying their animosities in the grave of our illustrious founder.

#### The Four Platforms.

We have been asked to define the difference between the three Democratic Candidates for the Presidency, and the Republican nominee, Abraham Lincoln.

We need hardly say that all minor questions of Tariff, Naturalization Laws, &c., have been swallowed by that great Aaron's serpent, Black Servitude. The points of divergence in the platforms of Bell, Douglas and Breckinridge are not of kind, but degree, in all, relating to the single fact of Slavery in the Territories. Douglas says: Let the people of the Territories determine the question for themselves, while John Bell declares that the people of a Territory cannot form a constitutional opinion till they become a State. Thus to a certain extent Bell and Douglas concede to the people the privilege of determining whether they will or will not have Slavery in their midst, but differ as to the time their opinion should be given. It will be observed that Bell and Douglas neither pronounce one way or the other against the peculiar institution. It is left to the people. Breckinridge says: It is the duty of Congress to protect Slavery in the Territories; thus, as it were, forcing involuntary servitude upon the embryo States. Lincoln here joins issue as widely on the other side, by affirming that it is the duty of Congress to prevent Slavery in the Territories—agreeing with Breckinridge in the fact of taking from the people the power of judging for themselves.

The Sixth of November will show what the sovereign people say to these platforms.

#### An Outrage upon Juries.

HERE are certain recognized enormities in our legal practice which our citizens have grown so accustomed, just as crows are to skinning, that they suffer their persistent recurrence without any effort to redress the outrage, simply contenting themselves with an indignant denunciation of the abominable system. Among these is one which is so glaring an insult to common sense, that the wonder is it has not roused the entire community to insist upon its abolition. What makes it the more vexatious and insulting is the fact that it only requires a little arrangement with the Judges to avoid it altogether. The wrong we allude to is the practice the Judges have of keeping Juries waiting from day to day, breathing the pestilential air of a New York Court of Justice, while they try non-jury trials. At this present minute Judge Maynard has thus legally imprisoned, day after day, some of our most respectable citizens, while he has been airing his ponderous dulness over a non-jury trial. A separate day ought to be set apart for these non-jury trials, so as to prevent this unnecessary tax upon the time, convenience and health of our citizens.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

*Advice Given* by the famous Doctor Watts in the well-known verse,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

will be well studied by some of our editors, more especially those of the singular and Athenian cities. The Philadelphia *Enquirer* is especially severe on the unhappy Gothamites, on account of the mismanagement in the city's visit. It thus commences its philippic:

The reception of the royal visitor in the great city—vilely by its denizens Metropolis, but known to irreverent outsiders under the less euphonious of Gotham—was exactly illustrative of the place and its citizens—that is, pompous, vulgar and disorderly."

disorderly thus sounded:

The extent of this feeling may be understood when the journals actually said Mayor Wood and General Sandford were in danger of being hung on a scaffold. The proceedings yesterday were still worse. A crowd of the

most blackguard description worried the Prince before and at his departure from the hotel, but the crowning horror is that his very life was, when the city's guest, placed in most imminent peril. It is impossible to find words strong enough to denounce this outrage, and to execrate the incapacity of the police, who allowed Victoria's son, trusted among us as friends, to run so great a risk that two whole nations, as well as a mother's heart, were nearly sent into hopeless mourning. The consequence even of the attempt are too serious to contemplate with coolness. But they should never have taken him to New York."

We were not aware, nor yet was our friend Fernando, of the narrow escape he has had of being made an unpleasant body of involuntary suspension; and General Sandford will, no doubt, shiver when he sees the next lamp-post. The imminent peril that the Prince ran of losing his life was occasioned by a crazy Eelishman shaking his burly fist at him. Can burlesque—for we admire Philadelphia too much to call it stupidity—go beyond this? We ask, like Rosa Dartie, for information.

*The Napoleon of the Press*, in a very able and searching article on the probable election of the Black Republican Adonis Abraham, says:

"All that is needed, therefore, to turn the tide of victory against the Republicans, is the concentration of the elements of this popular conservative majority in a solid column. Can this be done? Why not?"

The question is answered very simply. Mr. Buchanan's insane vengeance, so perfidiously carried on against Douglas and Walker, has rankled too deeply in their breasts to allow their party going the "solid column." Mr. Buchanan broke up the Democratic party then. We are rather, as simple-minded citizens who hate bribery, surprised at the following hint that New York State ought to be bought. But here is the text:

"We dare say that in dresses, jewellry, &c., at least five hundred thousand dollars were expended by the parties concerned for the late ball of our old folks to the young Prince of Wales. One-half this sum, or one-fourth of it, judiciously distributed throughout the State, would rally our conservative forces together, and organize them for a good report on election day."

*The Star in Francisco Herald* thus records the doings of a Slave-gammon and Blathermukite meeting lately held in the Golden City:

"The Friends of Ireland held their first anniversary at Tucker's Academy of Music, on the 13th. There was a ball and supper, and a large attendance. The McMahon Grenadier Guards, an Irish company in French uniforms, and two French military companies, were among those present. Speeches were delivered by General Shields, Governor Downey and others. M. Trof, editor of *La Phare* (French), delivered a very fine address, and a letter from M. Gauthier, French Consul, was read, in which he expressed the warmest sympathy with the cause of Ireland. The toasts were composed of American, French and Irish patriotic sentiments, and the responses were largely imbued with hostility to England. The society, I believe, is of a military character, and contemplates active interference to achieve the independence of Ireland."

It is such nonsense as this that damages the true cause of Ireland. There is little doubt but that the Irish brigade of Democracy has been the chief cause of the breaking up of the great Jefferson party. Our Irish adopted citizens have made a fatal mistake by their disobeying General Sandford's order to turn out to receive the Prince of Wales. If they mutiny in time of peace, what dependence can there be placed on them in the day of battle? Every foreign regiment should be forthwith disbanded upon the slightest approach to insubordination. What a noble contrast do our German regiments present!

*Shaver's Patent Eraser* is invaluable to all who use a pen or read papers or magazines. Our description of this magical little instrument will convince our readers that it should be on every desk in public offices or private libraries. The blade is curved upwards; with sharp, oval edge for erasing marks, blotches, &c., from paper. Convexed on the lower side to give a fine polish and finish to the erased parts. For polishing the surface after erasing the mark, it is unequalled by anything heretofore in use. The curve between the blade and the shank has a keen edge for cutting away the wood of the pencil, and the small serrated groove in the blade gives a neatly finished point to the lead, without soiling the hands or paper in the least. The blade is made from the best steel, highly polished, and set in a handsome handle, with German silver ferril. It is a convenient companion to the lady's writing desk and student's portfolio, and will be found invaluable in the counting-room and artist's studio. It is equally convenient as a folder, or for cutting open the leaves of books. Some three or four different sizes and styles are manufactured, some of them with ornamental handles of ivory and mother of pearl, suitable to gratify the appreciative eye of the ladies. We have used it for some time, and we can cordially recommend it, for we find that it performs admirably all that it claims to perform.

#### PERSONAL.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is writing a play for Phelps of Sadler's Wells.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Cyclopediacal fame, and his wife have been staying for some time at Mr. Lippincott's, the popular publisher of Philadelphia. They are now in New York.

SENATOR DOUGLAS visits Detroit, Kalamazoo and other places, making stump speeches.

MAJOR V. FOWLER was to leave Havana, for Vera Cruz, on his way to Mexico, where he is to have charge of a gold mine.

Buckstone has made an offer to Forrest to star in England for one hundred nights. We trust he will go, and make the *entete cordiale* complete by thus returning the Prince's visit. Buckstone leaves the Prince of Tragedy to name his own terms.

THE MISS B. of Natchez, whom Edward Albert or Albert Edward danced with in Montreal, and whose bright eyes haunt his dreams (see Jenkins), is Miss Sallie Blackburn, whose sister is the wife of Gov. Morland's son, of Kentucky.

KENNEDY, once the residence of Mary, mother of Washington, was sold recently to Mrs. Harrison, of Goochland county, Virginia, for \$10,000. The sale includes only the dwelling and four acres of ground.

It is given as one reason for the defeat of Foster in Pennsylvania, that when Foster was a candidate for United States Senator, General Foster and six other Democrats refused to support him, and hence the enmity which has compassed his defeat.

THE SIXTH OF NOVEMBER will show what the sovereign people say to these platforms.

THE CAPE MONITOR thus chronicles one of his frolics: "A story has reached us from the Pearl showing that 'boys will be boys,' even though they be the sons of royalty. The bedchamber of the young Prince and his two companions, Mr. Gray and Mr. Jocelyn, both of the Euryalus, was in an opposite part of the building to Sir George Grey's. His Excellency, being fatigued, retired early, but it was not to immediate rest. His Excellency was about to make himself comfortable for the night, when, instead of lying upon feathers, he found Gorgs knobs indented his ribs. Turning from one side to the other afforded no relief. There was nothing left but to remove the bed linen, when a good sprinkling of sausages and walnuts was found beneath the sheets, placed there, it is believed, by the young Prince and his middies." When it is remembered that Sir George Gray is the Governor of the Colony, some idea may be formed of the profane state of young Alfred's mind.

MISS M. A. BURR presented a beautifully bound copy of her new work, *Leisure Moments*, to the Prince of Wales, and received a reply from Gen. Bruce, acknowledging the receipt of it, with thanks. The book is bound in maroon velvet, with gold clasps.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE-FANCER, DR. KIRWIN, who was commissioned by the Canadian Government to supply the Prince of Wales and his suite with horses during his stay in Canada, brought on a selection of the best to New York, for the use of the Prince at the review on the Battery on the day of reception. The animal specially selected for the use of the Prince was the beautiful bay mare Lady Franklin. Major Teesdale rode the splendid horse Glencoe. The Prince and his suite are thorough judges of horseflesh, and Dr. Kirwin's task was one requiring all the judgment he possessed. That he fully satisfied the whole party is the best proof of his consummate judgment in the "points" of horseflesh. The Prince having no further use for the animals, they have been sold at very high prices, and the doctor has returned to his Canadian home so satisfied with the results of his labors that he would not object to fulfil the same office for the Prince every year.

#### LITERATURE.

THOMAS & FIELD, Boston, have just published a new novel called *Over the Cliff*, by Charlotte Channer. The scene is laid in England, and the action is chiefly on the southern sea coast, and deals much with the rough, hardy and adventurous population which gains a scanty subsistence theron. The leading characters are, however, in a higher grade of life, and surrounded with sufficient of mystery to work up the interest to a high pitch of excitement. It is a realistic novel, and deals with mortality in its address. The characters owe nothing to the imagination of the author; humanity asserts itself in all its contracts of good and bad, mean littlenesses and great heartedness. It is vigorously written, the situations are dramatic, and the plot is managed with judgment and skill; and, while it may be called a sensation novel, the term implies no offensive meaning, but signifies great excitement and cumulating interest, without claptrap or improbability. It is the work of a vigorous and original mind, and will make a mark with our reading public.

THOMAS & FIELD have also published a volume of *Brief Biographies*, by Samuel Steller, author of "Self-Help," &c., &c. The contents of this volume comprise the brief biographies of the following thirty-five well-known names

in literature and science, politics, &c.: James Watt, Robert Stephenson, Dr. Arnold, Hugh Miller, Richard Cobden, Bulwer Lytton, Francis Jeffrey, Mrs. Eliot, George Borrow, Audubon, Macmillan, Lord John Russell, Mrs. Dernell, Gladstone, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Sterling, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Dr. Kitto, Fox, Hook, Dr. Andrew Combe, Robert Browning, Edwin Chadwick, Robert Nicol, Samuel Bamford, John Clare, Gerald Massey, Elizabeth B. Browning, Frances Brown, Margaret Fuller, Sarah Martin, Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Chisholm.

We have said these biographies are brief, but they are written in a kind and appreciative spirit, with a dash of enthusiasm, which renders them easy and pleasant reading. We must except from this remark the life of Edgar A. Poe, much of which is false in fact, and the whole is conceived in an ungenuine, illiberal and carpenter spirit. It is the one discord in the harmony of the book, and is utterly unworthy the author. In the preface Mr. Steller acknowledges receiving one biography from a friend in America, and judging by the bitter malignity, the utter uncharitableness of that of Edgar A. Poe, we are forced to conclude that that is the biographical contribution of an American source, and consequently a competitor of the unfortunate and talented Poe. We protest against his spirit and deny its justice.

#### MUSIC.

ALAS! the singers have all flown; Irving place is *closed*; Fourteenth street condemned to decorous silence. You no longer see the long line of bright lights illuminating the balcony at the Academy, nor the procession of carriages and troops of gaily dressed pedestrians crowding thitherward. Prince and politics carried all before them, so the directors, after fighting bravely, gave place, acknowledged themselves worsted in the combat, struck their tents and camped.

If our worthy directors were defeated in their opening campaign, at least they are not dismayed; already short announcements—which will probably gain strength and length daily until they fill a full column—have appeared stating that the regular winter season will commence immediately after the elections have passed by, and all sorts of novelties, both operatic and artistic, are promised. Meantime we must endure the interregnum with what philosophy we can command, amuse ourselves with our pianos, violins and trombones at home, or deprived of that privilege, satisfy our musical appetites by listening to the street organs, which "discourse most excellent music."

#### DRAMA.

WE might about as well save our paper, ink and time this week, for not the first scintillation of novelty is visible in the dramatic hemisphere. At Niblo's, Mr. Forrest still presents his sublime portraiture of "Lear," to houses in which no seat or standing place is unoccupied; and over the way at the Winter Garden, Miss Cushman is enjoying an equal success in "Maggie Merrilles." Miss Keene finds it to her advantage to keep "Alice Arden" upon her stage, and does not even announce anything new, and as a matter of course, Mr. Wallack's company still "Play w' Fire;" and there is not the most remote possibility of either manager, actors or author being singled, though they continue to play with that devouring element before mentioned, until the completion of Mr. Wallack's New Theatre. Speaking of the New Theatre, we do earnestly trust that those points that hitherto have been sadly neglected in all our public buildings will receive proper attention—we allude to the means of ingress and egress, ventilation and comfort to the audience in the matter of seats. First and foremost a theatre should be so constructed that in case of necessity it could be emptied of its audience with safety in five minutes. Secondly, the ventilation should be so arranged as to furnish an unceasing supply of fresh air, in which case, instead of leaving a theatre as we now do, exhausted in body and depressed in mind, we would come away light hearted and refreshed from having forgotten for a time the cares and troubles of life. And lastly, do let something be done for the comfort of the audience in the matter of seats: why could not sofas of ample width, with space enough between to allow of passing and re-passing in freedom, be furnished, and so divided into separate compartments, as to entirely prevent the packing process now indulged in by officious and oftentimes impudent usher? The few dollars that on occasions might be sacrificed to this innovation, would be returned fold in the continued patronage of the public. Let these things be looked to.

**BARNUM'S.**—The Prince of Wales showed his sympathy with the New Yorkers by paying a visit to the Prince of Showmen. Not expecting such an honor, Barnum was at his country seat enjoying his *eternal care digestion*. The courteous Greenwood, therefore, did the honors of the occasion, and won the Prince's heart by his gentlemanly attentions. The What Is It? and the great *Six Lion* came in for their share of admiration. It was a compliment the manager of this popular Museum deserved, and which proves that the curiosities collected there are equally attractive to the Prince and sovereign people.

#### THE PRINCE'S BALL.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE UPERB DRESSES WORN BY THE LADIES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

IT is impossible for mere description to do anything like justice to the splendid toilettes which were worn, not displayed, at the ball; display was, indeed, impossible where the throng was so dense that movement was out of the question, except as part of the surging mass. Silks, jewels, flowers, lace, velvets, and the perfume of a thousand flowers, all mingled in one rich, billowy mass of beauty and magnificence, and out of this grand combination of loveliness our artist was able only to select a few wavy which to gratify our fair readers.

The first dress, which is only partially seen, consisted of rich green velvet, with wide tulie sleeves, trimmed with lace and ribbon ruching. The necklace consisted of large pearls, and the head-dress of diamonds and pearls, and superb white ostrich feathers.

The second figure represents the elegant costume of Mrs. Gould Hoyt—of the Prince's partners. The robe was of pink glace silk, with a tulie overskirt, ornamented with medallions of exquisite Honiton lace. Head-dress of flowers.

The third dress was much admired for its simple elegance. It consisted of very rich white rep silk, with berths of point lace and wreath of gold leaves and berries.

The fourth was a charming toilette of white tulie, with several rows of narrow ribbon ruching round the skirt, and elegant black Chantilly lace flounces, headed with ribbon ruching and flowers. Splendid diamond necklaces and head-dress of diamonds and flowers.

The fifth dress was pure white of the thinnest, most transparent tissue, ornamented with point lace and Magenta roses. A scarf of broad white ribbon, striped and brocaded with Magenta, was worn over the right shoulder and crossed under the left arm. Pearl necklace with diamond pendant; head-dress of diamonds and Magenta roses.

The sixth dress was one of the most costly and exquisitely beautiful of those present. It consisted of deep elegant flounces of point applied over very transparent tulie, looped up at intervals with lovely bouquets of flowers; the ornaments were superb, and heightened the splendid beauty of the fair wearer. A diamond crescent glittered on the white forehead, and large, magnified emeralds formed the pendant to a costly necklace of pearls.

The seventh figure represents a robe of dark magnificent green velvet, ornamented with superb flounces and berths of point lace. The necklace was diamonds and pearls, and the head-dress a sort of turban composed of velvet, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

The eighth illustration gives a correct idea of the superb costume of Mrs. John Day of this city. It was of rich black velvet, with a little pointed antique vest of magnificient point lace, with lace tassels to match. The head-dress was ostrich feathers with diamond ornaments.

Fig. 9. Dress of white tulie with black lace flounces finished down each side of the front with bows of ribbon. Straps of ribbon ruched ornamented the front part of the dress, and were continued round the bottom of the skirt. Diamond ornaments.

Fig. 10. Gives a correct illustration of Miss Mason, who had the honor of walking with the Prince. Her dress was of tulie gaily ornamented with pink ribbons, and head-dress of camellias curiously arranged on the front and back part of the head.

Fig. 11. This exquisite toilette was worn by the brilliant young authoress, Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Norfolk, Va. The robe was of white Turkish silk with an overskirt of tulie, made in deep puffs, edged with narrow point Venetian lace, and looped with mauve *Impéria* ribbon. Clusters of brown velvet heartsease, with golden centres, ornamented the skirt and corsage, and a rich set of pearls gave an added charm to the striking and intellectual loveliness of her person.

Fig. 12. Lace tulie looped up with flowers over a skirt of tulie. Swims jacket of red satin surmounted by bows of tulie. Necklaces of large pearls, head-dress of flowers.

Fig. 13. Charming robe of white tulie embroidered with silver stars. Head-dress, wreath of silver leaves.

Fig. 14. Magnificent flounces of point d'Angleterre and black Mantilly lace, with elegant lace, mantilla over white silk. Ornamented, diamonds and pearls; head-dress of flowers.

We have described the dresses of Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Mason, who were two of the Prince's partners at the ball.

A third was Mrs. John Kernochan, who wore a robe of white tulie, with one deep flounce of point lace, fastened with roses.

Mrs. Jenkins Field was a dress of white tulie, ornamented with blue forget-me-nots, wreath to match.

Mrs. Augusta Belmont's dress was of charming rose-colored tulie, ornamented with rich lace flounces, looped up with blossoms of the sweet pea. Elegant chain and ornaments.

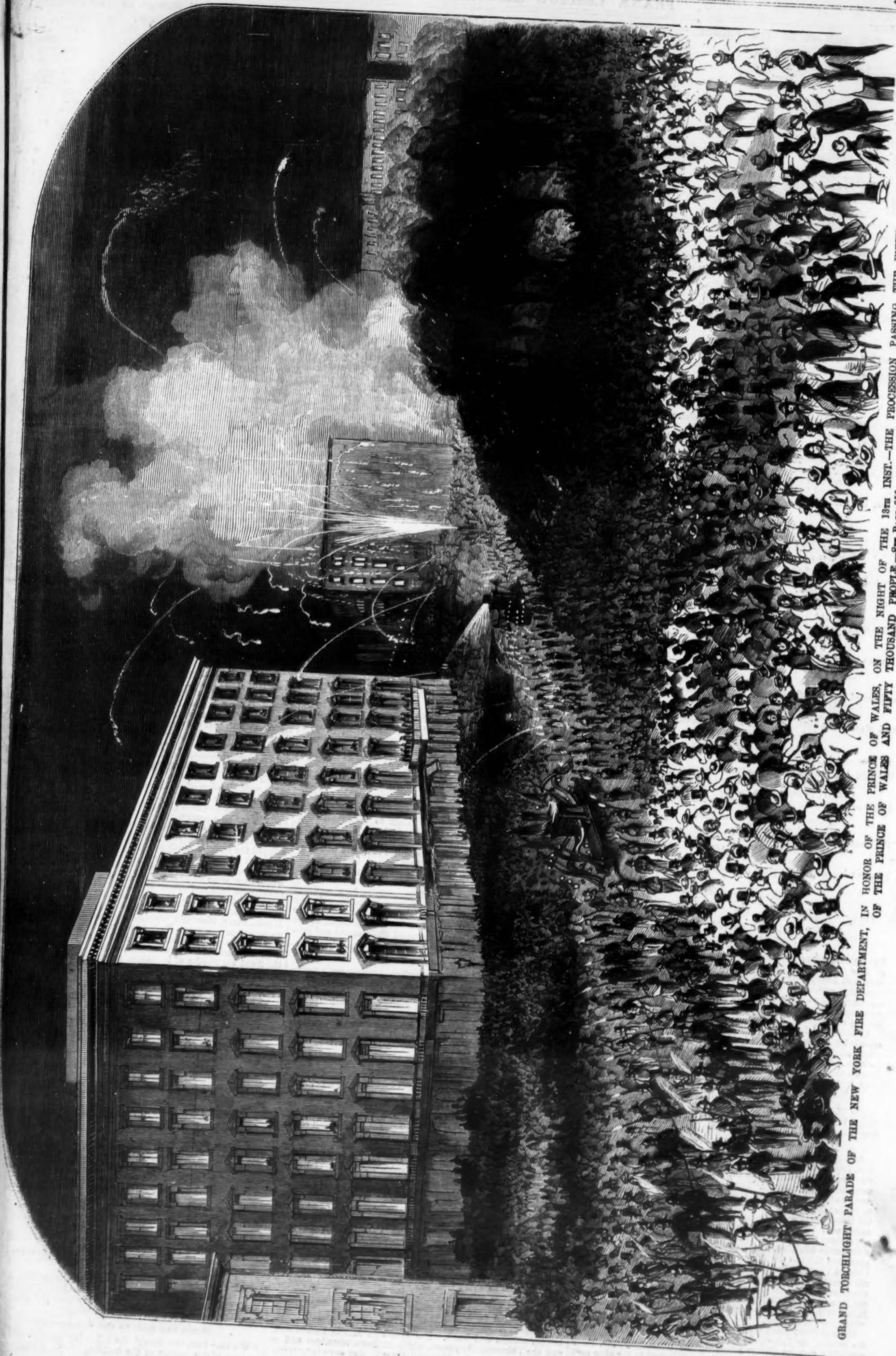
Mrs. Helen Russell's dress was of delicate lace muslin, with wreath of white flowers.

Mr. Edward Cooper wore an elegant dress of white and blue.

Mrs. Governor Morgan, with whom the Prince opened the ball, wore a rich dress of white rep silk, with black Chantilly lace flounces; ornaments of pearls and diamonds, with head-dress of feathers.



THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE NEW YORK MILITIA ON THE BATTERY, ON THE MORNING OF HIS ARRIVAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1860.—THE PRINCE IN COLONEL'S UNIFORM, PASSING ALONG THE LINE AND SALUTING THE COLORS.—SEE PAGE 356.



GRAND TORCHLIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 13th INST.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL IN PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.—See Page 356.

## THE COMING OF THE PRINCE.

BY SIGMA.

Let the booming cannon tell  
The swinging, surging bell—  
Let both together tell the people that the Prince has come.  
Let the surging, swinging bell  
The booming cannon tell,  
And the trumpet Bray it out to the rolling, rattling drum !

See the struggling, swaying crowd,  
Now hither, thither bowed,  
As they onward press, retreat, advance, crush, squeeze and stand  
tiptoe :—  
How they press, and heap, and quiver,  
Like an ice-dirupted river,  
In their reckless haste to see if the Prince has come or no.

From the east they're coming down,  
From the west part of the town,  
From north and south the streets pour out and empty in Broad-  
way ;  
What a throng of human folly,  
Restless, reckless, sober, jolly—  
What a pyramid of folly might be raised from all this clay !

Now the cannon and the bell,  
The drum and trumpet tell,  
That our guest, the Prince of Wales, has set his foot on freemen's  
land ;  
The ground on which he treads—  
As he may know who reads—  
Was the last that felt the heels of the hostile British bands.

The Bowling Green is here !  
None will whisper in his ear  
That they melted his great-grandfather's leaden image into balls ;  
Nor will they name the street,  
Though they pass within few feet,  
Where the Sugar House saw patriots die like rotten sheep in  
stalls.

Leave bygones to the past ;  
The day has come at last  
When the mother-land has sent her son to greet his brothers here !  
And who has ever come  
A guest to Freedom's home,  
But met with ready hands and open hearts and whale-sealed  
cheer ?

Along the serried ranks,  
Bowing right and left his thanks,  
The son of good Victoria rides amidst shouts which still increase ;  
For the people don't forget  
That few days have passed as yet,  
Since he bared his head where Washington, our Father, sleeps in  
peace !

What thinks the royal youth ?  
Will his guess be near the truth ?  
Of this more than cordial greeting of the "rebels to the Throne" ?  
Does he deem it compensation  
Of a penitent young nation,  
A return to that allegiance we so long have ceased to own ?

No, no ! young heir of Britain,  
The solemn words were written  
And sealed in blood of martyrs upon many a well-fought field !  
Words that set a people free  
Changed a nation's destiny,  
And placed with pride the Stars and Stripes on every freeman's  
shield !

We greet thee for thy mother—  
We hail thee as a brother,  
We hold thee as a symbol of the race from whence we sprung ;  
And if our warmth grows wild,  
We're but a younger child,  
And thus express the memories to which our grandsires clung.

Now let one great shout arise,  
For lo ! against the skies  
The banners of Old England and Columbia waving see !  
While they in union wave  
O'er loyal men and brave,  
There's a hope, in God's great goodness, that all nations shall be  
free.

## THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NEW YORK.

The Gathering.

From an early hour on Thursday morning the whole population of New York, including Brooklyn, Williamsburg, as well as Hoboken, Jersey City and parts adjacent, seemed by that law of humanity, which far exceeds that of gravitation, namely, curiosity, was hastening to the great artery of Broadway, to show a Constitutional Prince what a nation of Republicans can do when it has the will.

At twelve o'clock five miles of human beings were densely crowded from the Battery up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and beyond, all in their holiday suits, and full of good humor and patience. The Kossoth and Atlantic Cable Celebrations were thrown into the shade, and had the people expected a miracle they could not have evinced more expectation and interest.

The Harriet Lane.

The Harriet Lane, which had been deputed to convey His Royal Highness from South Amboy to New York, steamed from the Battery at half-past eight o'clock.

Embarkation at South Amboy.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock A.M. she arrived at Amboy. The train containing the royal party had not yet arrived, and it was twenty-three minutes to twelve o'clock before the telegraph announced his approach. The English ensign was mastheaded, ready to be unfurled at the appropriate instant. At ten minutes to twelve the guns of the Harriet Lane proclaimed the arrival of the Prince. Colonel Thompson, accompanied by Major Skidmore, now landed, and, proceeding to the train, awaited the appearance of the Prince. As soon as he alighted, the Governor's Aides were introduced to Lord Lyons by Collector Schell, who presented them to the Prince. In a brief and appropriate speech Colonel Thompson welcomed him to the State of New York, in the name of the Governor. The Prince thanked him kindly for the attention, and they proceeded on board of the steamer. As the Prince stepped over the gangway the English ensign was unfurled at the main, and a royal salute was fired, the band playing "God Save the Queen."

General Scott stood at the gangway, and was the first to take the hand of the Prince, the venerable chieftain bowing with great cordiality, and the Prince returning the salutation. Mr. Peter Cooper was then presented, and the party retired to the after part of the deck, where a large number of gentlemen were introduced to Lord Lyons, the Duke of Newcastle, the Prince and others.

of the suite, General Scott doing the honors. The Prince took each gentleman by the right hand, bowing as they were presented. He was dressed in a plain blue cloth frock, with gray pants, a dark vest and necktie, black hat and faun-colored kid gloves. The ceremony of introduction occupied about half an hour, during which the steamer started on her return. The crowd on the dock cheered vociferously as she steamed away from the landing. The quiet and dignified bearing of the Prince evidently won all hearts.

## From South Amboy to the Battery.

Soon after these introductions had been gone through, the royal party and those on board sat down to the lunch, which was under the care of Mr. Stetson, who sustained his world-wide fame.

## Arrival at the Battery.

After a pleasant passage, the Harriet Lane arrived at Castle Garden about two o'clock, amid the booming of cannon, which boomed from their throats royal salutes with an energy that awoke the echoes of old Hudson.

The view now was animating in the extreme : the gaily decked-out shipping on both the North and East Rivers, the saluting from the merchant shipping and from the forts, the crowds which thronged the pier-heads and darkened the roofs of every house-top, and the dazzling uniforms and bristling bayonets of the military, which occupied every foot of space upon the Battery, formed a scene the most impressive and beautiful. The galleries around Castle Garden were densely packed. The Prince remained upon the pilot-house, and was not distinguished by the spectators until he left the position, and with his suite prepared to leave the steamer.

The Harriet Lane was handsomely laid alongside the Castle Garden landing, and in a few minutes the Prince and his friends prepared to land. He shook hands very cordially with Captain Faunce on stepping ashore, and thanked him for his polite attention. Lord Lyons and the Duke did the same.

Mr. Schell introduced the Prince to Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent of Police, who stood on the landing prepared to receive him. Cheers now broke forth from all sides, and the Prince, followed by his friends, entered Castle Garden, bowing and raising his hat to the greetings of the crowd.

## Reception at Castle Garden.

The view from the balcony of Castle Garden was magnificent. The long line of soldiers stretched out upon the Battery, the prancing steeds and gay trappings of the cavalry, the bright flags and signals flying from the innumerable masts in the North and East Rivers, and the multitude of human beings swaying to and fro beyond the line of soldiers, and covering all the house-top within sight, altogether presented a spectacle beyond description.

After the landing of the Prince and his introduction to Superintendent Kennedy, he entered the Garden, accompanied by Collector Schell, Lord Lyons and the Renfrew suite, consisting of the Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germain, General Bruce, Major Teasdale, Captain Grey, Dr. Ackland, Lord Hinchenbrook, and the Hon. Mr. Elliott.

The Prince, with Lord Lyons on his left, headed the party, and immediately on his entrance to the Garden he doffed his hat, and bowed several times to the right and left.

The band which accompanied the Harriet Lane, and which had been admitted to the Garden before any of the party on board, here commenced an air, which they continued to play until after the reception was concluded. The Prince, accompanied by Lord Lyons and the gentlemen named, advanced to the centre of the floor, where he was introduced to Mayor Wood by Collector Schell. The Mayor shook hands with the Prince, at the same time addressing him as follows :

## Mayor Wood's Welcome.

"Your Royal Highness—As Chief Magistrate of this City, I welcome you here, and believe that I represent the entire population, without exception."

To which the Prince responded as follows :

## The Prince's Response.

"It affords me great pleasure to accept your hospitalities, which I have no doubt will be worthy of the great City of New York."

Mayor Wood then introduced the Prince to the President of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Peck, and through him to the Common Council.

The Prince shook hands with President Peck, and bowed to the rest of the body in a lump. He then retired, leaning on the arm of Mayor Wood, and followed by his suite, to the private room of the Commissioners of Emigration, where he donned his military costume. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes he reappeared in the uniform of a Colonel in the British army, and immediately passed out of Castle Garden, still leaning on the arm of the Mayor, by whom he was introduced to General Sandford, and in a few moments the whole party mounted their steeds and prepared for the review of the troops.

## The Review on the Battery.

The troops, which had been forming into line since early morning, at one o'clock presented a beautiful appearance, and would have done credit to the first armies of Europe. It was nearly three o'clock when the Prince rode forth from Castle Garden gate, followed by his suite, all in uniform, except the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons. They passed between the two lines in which the Twelfth Regiment, the guard of honor, was drawn up at the entrance, and accompanied by Major-General Sandford and his staff, proceeded to the right of the First Brigade, resting on the north side of the Battery, a few yards from Battery place. As the uniform of the Prince was recognised by the men, women and children that swarmed without the inclosure, he was loudly cheered, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved from the balconies and windows of the adjacent houses. The Prince acknowledged the compliment by raising his chapeau, and then followed the review. With arms presented, officers and colors in advance, and the bands playing alternately "God Save the Queen," and "Hail to the Chief," the military stood drawn up in four lines, while the Prince and General Sandford, side by side, followed first by the English noblemen, and next by the Major-General's staff, passed along the front of each Brigade and returned behind each to the right of the line. The Division probably never appeared to better advantage. Every man doubtless felt that his soldierly bearing was subject of criticism to men who came from a land of standing armies—conquerors in many a field. There were not as many men in the ranks as had been estimated in prediction ; the troops altogether numbered about six thousand, including the Fifth Brigade from Brooklyn. The full inspection of the various regiments, at which all make it a point to be present, interfered somewhat with the parade. Yet there were more muskets in every company than on an ordinary occasion could have been called together. The Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment did not parade ; its Colonel, they say, will be immediately court-martialed for failing to promulgate the orders of the day. The Seventh Regiment had six hundred and fifty men in the ranks, besides officers and band. The Brooklyn Militia looked well, and the Thirteenth Regiment, which in dress resembles and in bearing vis à vis with the National Guard, was especially commended.

## GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This great ball was decidedly as much entitled to its adjective as was Napoleon himself. The preparations for it were marvellous. One great jewellery establishment, whose rent is a prince's income, cleared that rent by renting jewels for the *festas*, and the richest fabrics were imported for it regardless of expense. As regarded the arrangements, they were truly superb. The ball-room was one hundred and thirty-five feet in length by sixty-eight feet in breadth. At one end were placed three couches ; the central one being for the Prince. The place was lighted up like day, while flowers formed, appropriately, the principal decorations. Two allegorical pictures, painted for the occasion by Cabryo, attracted attention.

The central figure in one represented Peace. On the left Columbia appeared in the garb of a female Indian, under theegis of the American flag. On her right a figure of Britannia, with the traditional shield, lion and Union Jack. She is shaking hands with Columbia. Below are the arms of New York city. Above, the plumes of the Prince of Wales. The whole, of course, represented the *ententes cordiales* between the United States and Great Britain.

## The Supper-Room.

This room, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length, was truly magnificent. Connecting with it, and the room used for the ball, a passage facing on Fourteenth street, one hundred and fifty-four feet in length and twenty-four feet in breadth. This passage was floored with stout scarlet cloth, as are other parts of the building, same as the ball and supper-rooms. Five hundred yards of cloth were furnished and specially dyed for the occasion, by the order of Messrs. Paton & Co., as there was not a sufficient quantity of that colored cloth in the city for the purpose. Twenty brass chandeliers, each containing six burners, were suspended from the roof, making a brilliant display.

A tower, forty feet high, rose from the centre, the entire room being draped in pink and white, with large mirrors intervening. The tables were magnificently furnished. Besides the ornaments in sugar there were over fifty gorgeous pyramids in flowers furnished by Chevalier & Brower, from their floral depot, 523 Broadway, under the St. Nicholas Hotel. This firm has supplied Mr. Delmonico with flowers for all the large dinners given or prepared by him during the past eight years. The Prince's table was decorated with twenty exquisite hand bouquets, composed of camellias, jasmine, violets, tuberoses and other choice flowers, from Chevalier & Brower's, put up with rare artistic taste.

## The Prince's Room.

The green-room was especially fitted up for the Prince. Mirrors and bouquets were here profusely arranged, while conspicuous in the room appeared the splendid portrait of Queen Victoria lent by the St. George's Society.

## The Ball.

About half-past seven the guests began to arrive. Few entered without some involuntary exclamation or sensation of surprise at the magnificence of the scene. The Committee of Arrangements first appeared, and then the musicians. The policemen next quietly took their places, and finally guests were seen circling about, admiring the armor and ornaments. At ten o'clock all were there—and the scene was indeed superb! The Prince experienced some difficulty in getting from his hotel to the Academy, and when he arrived, entered without any remarkable ceremony or display, there being no formal reception.

## The Crash.

Not long after the royal party entered, a large vase fell, scattering its flowers around. At this time the card of the orchestra was handed to the Prince. He had hardly taken it when another vase fell, and at the same moment a portion of the gave way. This was so gradual, however, being rather a than a fall, that the multitude had time to retreat. These crashes took place, yet only two persons fell to the beneath. The rush was promptly checked, and the Prince ducted to the supper-room. The music continued to play the the whole ; the police at once gathered around the pit, gu it with a rope. Carpenters were at once set to work, and to the well breeding of the guests assembled, this accident passed over with as little confusion as was possible. We that our limits preclude giving the names of the guests but venture on a correction in a single case. It has been rally published that Miss Agnes Lee declined an invitation was not the case, that young lady being present, and we enjoyed the scene as much as any. The flowers and dresses played at this ball were of course of unprecedented richness. The firm of Chevalier & Brower had demands for bouquets which they were quite unable to supply, although ten dollars apiece were paid and offered for whatever they chose to make up. They supplied, for this great occasion, bouquets to Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Strong, the Misses Bronson, Misses Mason, Perry, Howland, Livingston, Hone, Gerry and others numerous to mention. Each bouquet was made of the flowers, the predominant colors being arranged to correspond with the colors of the dress of each lady. This is a refinement in the floral art worthy of imitation, and proves that Messrs. C. & B. are experts in their business.

## The Supper.

The dishes for the supper were of course excellent, the following being the bill of fare :

BALL IN HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.	
New York, October 12, 1860.	
MEAT.	
Consumé de Volaille.	Truites,
Buitres à la Poulette.	
Fleets de Bœuf à la Bellevue.	
Galantines des Dindes à la Roysne.	
Pâtés de Gibiers à la Moderne.	Cochons de l'Isle à la Parisienne.
Pains de Lièvres Anglais Historiques.	Terrines de Ners aux Truffes.
Jambons de Westphalie à la Gendarme.	Langues de Bœuf à l'Ecarlate.
Mayonnaise de Volailles.	Salades de Homardo à la Bresse.
Bécasses.	Grouses.
Gélieux au Mâitre.	Macédoines de Fruits.
Crèmes Françaises.	Glace à la Vanille et Citron.
Petits Four.	Charlotte Russes.
Pêches, Poires, Raisins de Serré, &c.	Faisans.
POISSON MORTIER.	
La Reine Victoria et le Prince Albert.	
Le Great Eastern.	Le Vase de Flors.
Silver Fountain, &c., &c.	

Unfortunately—and this may be said to characterise American balls—the arrangements for distributing the supper were miserable. But few could be helped at a time, and consequently everything was split right and left in helping.

## From the Ball to the Supper-Room.

We take from the *Herald* the following graphic and p account of this portion of the building : "On leaving the

room for the supper-room, a passage has to be traversed of considerable length, as already mentioned; but at the entrance from the one to the other were placed a number of figures of ancient knights in armor, supposed to represent all the previous Princes of Wales. Among them was the celebrated Black Prince, who displayed his bravery on the bloody fields of Poitiers and Cressy, and entered London with two kings as his prisoners, namely: the King of France and the King of Scotland. It was a strange thing, in that temple of democracy, to witness such things as knights and princes, done up in all the panoply of the Middle Ages; but it must not be forgotten that the guest, in whose honor all these decorations were gotten up, is himself a representative of revolutionary ideas, by the very fact of his being Prince of Wales. All around this entrance were hung up battle-axes, spears, shields and other implements suggestive of the age of the Crusaders, in which the Prince's ancestors figured conspicuously.

#### The End.

After supper the Prince returned to the ball-room, where he opened the dances with Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Governor, the second being with Mrs. Hoyt, General Scott's daughter. It is to be regretted that at this stage the *good breeding* of the portly and elderly citizens who formed the great majority of those present completely deserted them, and they crowded about the royal party in a most annoying and improper manner. As the *New York Times* remarks:

"There was a dance, certainly of some kind, in which the Prince of Wales appeared to dance with Mrs. Morgan, and Lord Lyons with Miss Wood. John Van Buren and Miss Berrian were in some way involved in the proceeding, and the charming Mrs. Gardner Howland, Jr., seemed to be delighting the eyes of the accomplished and handsome Mr. Gerard, who is now acknowledged, since his recent lecture on the personal beauty of Abraham Lincoln, to be the Crichton of New York.

"How this salutation came to an end was not perfectly intelligible, but the Prince and his suite suddenly vanishing, a waltz began, under the bewildering supervision of Mr. Walter Cutting, Mr. Maunsell B. Field and Mr. William Duncan. From the general appearance of things at this juncture, when we left the scene of action, we inferred that the ball had contrived at last to make head against its difficulties, and that in time the carpenters would be driven from the field. In fact, we believe they were absolutely retiring at that moment, under the command of the majestic Captain Leonard, of the police."

So ended the most superb ball ever seen in America. In the leading points of beauty, dress, jewellery, decoration and flowers it was indeed a marvel. It is to be regretted that the carpenters or the Committee should have neglected so essential a matter as ascertaining the strength of the floor on an occasion when it was to be so tried; it is pitiful that the "grabbing" so characteristic of crowded and plebeian supper-rooms should not have been foreseen and obviated; and it is most of all to be regretted that the guests should have "jammed." Otherwise it was indeed a triumph.

#### THE GRAND TORCHLIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIREMEN.

SATURDAY, the 13th October, will long be remembered as a great day for the Firemen of New York, and a still greater one for the Prince of Wales, for never was there a display like it since the beginning of history.

In military pomp we cannot compare with European nations, and the reviews the Prince has seen in Berlin must, of course, eclipse the citizen soldiery he saw on the Battery and the Park—but the torchlight procession of the gallant men, who, at the first sound of the bell, start either from their beds or their stores to rescue the lives and property of their fellow-citizens from the perilous grasp of fire, cannot fail to have stamped an impression on his mind that time can never efface.

There is a feature in our demonstrations to the son of Victoria which carry them far beyond the respectful spectacles tendered to him in the British dominions. To a certain extent the Canadian display had the air of being ordered by the authorities, who took advantage of the common love of excitement to parade the masses before Gesler's Cap, merely to serve their adulation or their interests. But in our own republic this qualification vanishes, and it becomes the genuine outburst of a long estranged branch of the same family welcoming the visit of the heir of its once haughty member. On the part of England, the visit of Edward Albert was a courtesy and a conciliation, and the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon people have sealed the reconciliation with a hearty good will, which is characteristic of our race. But we must return to our noble firemen.

From the east and west and north and south parts of the metropolis they came, simultaneously with shades of evening, all straggling toward the proposed line of march, and especially to the centre of attraction, the temporary residence of Baron Rennew. The night was propitious, clear and cold, succeeding a bright, bracing autumnal day—dark withal, though the stars shone brilliantly.

The hour of half-past six had been fixed as the time for the line to form. It did not, however, prepare to move until about eight, when the companies fell into position without disorder. The line of march was through Fourteenth street to Fourth avenue, up Fourth avenue to Twenty-third street, through Twenty-third street to Madison avenue, up Madison avenue to Twenty-sixth street, through Twenty-sixth street to Fifth avenue, down Fifth avenue (passing in review before the Prince at the Fifth Avenue Hotel) to Fourteenth street, through Fourteenth street to Fourth avenue, down Fourth avenue to the Bowery, through the Bowery to Chatham street, through Chatham street around the lower end of the Park, and up Broadway to Union Square, where the companies were severally dismissed.

Early in the evening the crowds began to collect, and at the appointed hour they seemed to grow to a boundless extent. The avenues, the streets and squares were one dense sea of life, and it must be confessed the good humor displayed was as remarkable as the colossal mob.

At brief intervals, fire companies, with their flaming torches in hand, and jets of light in endless variegation on machine, truck and carriage passed to their several points of formation, and then cheers resounded from the throng around them. Many of the houses displayed miniature flags, British and American, and some were to a slight extent illuminated.

As the Prince was to view the procession from the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and as the firemen would of course there bring into requisition to the utmost their appliances to produce effect, it was to be expected that faces feminine and faces masculine would, many and early, be turned in that direction. Long before dark swarms of people had assembled there. There never was, and probably never will again be such a crowd in the hotel. A crushing throng rushed in, taking possession of every standing place. Shop girls and serving maids crowded ladies in lace and silks from the parlors.

The police arrangements, under Captain Cameron, were excellent, but with such masses of humanity their efforts were almost negative. At a quarter past nine the procession began to appear, and the police made great efforts to clear a passage for it. As the advance guard of the firemen came up, the Prince and his suite, accompanied by Superintendent Kennedy and Inspector

Leonard, appeared on the balcony. A cheer, loud, long and thrilling rent the air, and a brilliant shower of colored shells and roman candles lit up the scene as by magic. The Prince gracefully bowed his acknowledgments. The spectacle was grand and exciting. Each company as it passed discharged a volley of fire-crackers and candles, and gave "three cheers for the Prince of Wales," with which was joined a thundering peal from the throng around. The Prince and suite remained on the balcony till the whole procession had passed, and to each company he courteously touched his hat.

The last company went by at eleven o'clock, the balcony was deserted, and the crowd gradually scattered in all directions. Still a dense, continuous line of people were looking on as the procession yet marched steadily on down the Fourth avenue and the Bowery, or were patiently waiting to see the display on the remainder of the route. Powder was continually being burned, cannon thundered forth in many places, calcium lights flamed out their dazzling radiance, and rockets rose high in air and burst in beautiful variegation. The houses along the line were alight and crowded in every window, and men looked down from the roofs in many places.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES A TRINITY CHURCH.

In order to prevent any undue crowding at the sacred edifice tickets were issued for the morning worship of the 14th. This was highly necessary, as the anxiety of the people to see the Prince evidently continued unabated.

The three front pews on the south side of the church in the centre aisle were reserved for the Prince and suite, and in the ledge of the pew reserved for His Royal Highness were placed a beautiful Bible and prayer book. The former was of the size known as royal octavo, and was beautifully bound in red morocco, with a large gold clasp, on which was engraved the Prince of Wales' plume, with the motto "Ich Dien." On the inside was also the Prince of Wales' plume in gold, and on the outside of the cover was this inscription:

"To His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, from the Corporation of Trinity Church, New York, in memory of the munificence of the Crown of England. Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, A. D. 1860."

The prayer book was bound with Russia brown leather and had two silver clasps. The edges were beautifully flowered in gold and silver. On the inside of the cover was the garter, surmounted by a crown with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y Pense," around it, and the Royal Standard of England in the centre, and on the opposite leaf in gold letters the following:

"To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from Francis Vinton, D. D., Frederick Ogilby, D. D., the clergymen in charge of Trinity Church, New York, as a memorial of the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity."

These beautiful gifts were handed round to the congregation and much admired.

In a few minutes the Prince and suite entered to the music of a voluntary on the organ, preceded by Mr. Augustus Meurer, the sexton, bearing his mace, and conducted by W. E. Dunscombe, Esq., and Robert Hyslop, Esq., the churchwardens. He immediately entered his pew, in which were also seated the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons; the next pew was occupied by the Hon. Major-General Bruce, the Hon. Mr. Elliott, and the third by other members of the suite. General Scott occupied a pew on the south side.

There were present Bishops Potter, Odenheimer, Delancy and Talbot, and thirty-five clergymen.

The service was a choral one throughout, and was performed with admirable effect.

Dr. Vinton preached a fine sermon, which was listened to with great attention.

#### MARIE; A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH-WEST. BY JACK BRACE.

##### CHAPTER XXXIII.—VERY'S.

ARMAND found M. Dufour during the afternoon, and much to that good gentleman's astonishment asked of him the hand of his daughter, and assured him that he had her consent so to do. To say that the kind and affectionate parent was pleased would scarcely express his satisfaction. He had never expected that Sophie would marry, and although he generously yielded to her feelings, he disliked the idea that she should either enter a convent or spend her life in celibacy. To Armand Latour he had not a single objection. If there were errors in the earlier life of the young man they were such as a creole might look leniently upon, and his manly character, now chastened by sorrow, was one that M. Dufour greatly admired. His consent was therefore cheerfully given. Together they returned to the hotel, for M. Dufour had not gone with the party to the Louvre, but was enjoying in quiet his favorite game of chess at the Café de la Régence; and Sophie, having calmed her feelings, met them with a sweet home smile. More than an hour was passed in delightful intercourse before their friends returned, and when they did there was a telltale happiness in Armand's eyes and a telltale blush on Sophie's cheek, which excited a lively but unexpressed curiosity. Sophie at once retired with her two friends to make them as happy as herself almost by the revelation, for all loved and esteemed Armand; while that gentleman, excusing himself to M. Dufour, who declined to be of their dinner party, hurried off with Harry and Alfred.

"Dear Armand, how happy this makes us all!" exclaimed Alfred, when his friend informed him of his good fortune.

Berford pressed his hand quietly, but with full as sincere a meaning.

Latour did not forget, even in his own happiness, the cause of disturbance he had in behalf of his friend, and although he was loth to mar the pleasure of the moment by an allusion to his apprehensions, yet his promise to Sophie and his duty made him refer as soon as possible to the matter.

"Oh, we met him also," exclaimed Alfred, "and I have no doubt at what he aims."

"But you will not allow yourself to be drawn into any difficulty with him, my friend?" said Latour, addressing Berford.

"As I said to Alfred, I shall be very sorry that any such necessity were forced on me; and yet the idea of his coolly and murderously seeking my life awakes all the devil in my nature," said Berford.

"But he witnessed all those wonderful shots of yours, Lubec says."

"Yes," replied Alfred.

"Well, he is certainly not a coward," said Latour; "but perhaps the certainty that your skill will baffle his revenge may induce him to forego his purpose. You say also that Lubec threatens to challenge him."

"Yes," said Alfred, "but that amounts to nothing; of course Martin won't fight him."

"Pardon me, my dear fellow," said Armand, "there is no of course in the matter; the duel is rather republican in France, and if Lubec has served honorably in the army, and finds some old comrade to carry his message, M. Martin will find it rather difficult to refuse. It will be a pity, however, for with Martin's skill, and with his vindictive nature, he will probably kill him."

"But, my friend," said Alfred, "you who know so much of the duel in France, should remember that here the rule is reversed. It

is he who sends the challenge that chooses the weapons. Lubec may prefer swords."

"Not against a man who has only his left hand, mon ami," replied Latour, smiling.

"What is it you say of a man with only his left hand?" asked a pleasant voice. The friends, who were now passing along through the Palais Royal, on their way to the justly celebrated restaurant, where they were to dine, turned at the salutation, and saw Captain Dufour, who was just behind them.

"Ah! monsieur le capitaine, where are your companions?"

"They are ahead of us, I apprehend. I was delayed a few minutes. But you were speaking of a person with but one hand, which, I presume, is apropos to Lubec's mysterious customer of this morning."

"Exactly so, captain," replied Armand, "and we have found out who he is. He observed our amusements this morning, and had some high words with Lubec after we left, whom he insulted grossly."

"Insulted Lubec? That is serious," said Dufour.

"That is exactly what I have been trying to impress on my friends here," said Armand; "that, in fact, he must fight Lubec if he demands it."

"Unquestionably," said Dufour. "I would meet him myself on a proper occasion. But who is this gentleman? I think I have heard of him too."

"He is a creole of New Orleans, a lawyer of good family and fine ability, but of an angry and vindictive nature," said Latour.

"Ah! and it's you whom he seeks, monsieur," said the captain, addressing Berford. "With the pistol you would be safe; but there is something more here. Since I left you, I called on an acquaintance, a celebrated *maitre des armes*, and, strange to say, a person answering his description precisely has been in constant daily practice with the sword. M. says he never saw any one so perfect with the left hand."

"He was an unrivaled swordsman with his right hand," said Alfred Du Val.

"It will be necessary, then, my friend, to be a little cautious," continued Captain Dufour to Harry. "Should anything occur, command me."

"Thank you, captain," said Berford, warmly. "But here we are, and our friends are no doubt waiting."

"Very's. Why, many a Jonathan has walked past the place, and sneered at its pretensions, in comparison with Taylor's or Thompson's in New York, and perhaps he has sauntered in and paid a high price for a dinner which he considered no great things; but a dinner at Very's is a great thing, nevertheless."

We will not linger over a dinner; the company was mutually agreeable, and the viands were not to be surpassed; yet the friends parted at a reasonable hour. Harry had taken a box at the opera, which was then located in the celebrated Salle Vendôme. There was to be such an association of talent as perhaps the world never witnessed before or since.

The opera was "Don Giovanni," and there were Grisi, Pieratti and Albertazzi; there were Rubini, Tamburini and Dupres, and last, though not least in fame or person, the great Lablache. The house was crowded with the élites of the Parisian world, then containing many of the most noted persons of the present century. Berford had been singularly fortunate in securing a box on such a night, but then money will do a great deal, and the gallant and wealthy young Kentuckian understood the art of dispensing it with grace as well as liberality; and extending an invitation to his guests to accept seats in his box, he parted from them for a short while with an *au revoir à l'Opéra*.

We shall attempt no description of the brilliant performance that evening, it is chronicled in the history of music and remembered by many still living. Notwithstanding the blaze of royalty which was present, and the galaxy of aristocratic beauty which graced the occasion, the box which contained our American party was the cynosure of many eyes. In front sat Marie, with her rich dreamy beauty; Sophie, with her Madonnas-like face, halo'd with newborn joy; and Julie, bright, sparkling and rosy as Flora herself. It would have been difficult, also, to have collected half a dozen finer specimens of gentlemen than our three Americans and their Parisian guests. There were respectful glances of admiration drawn towards the party; an incident, however, towards the close of the opera, marred the enjoyment of the evening. Sophie happened to cast her eyes for a moment towards the orchestra seats between the last acts, when she encountered a rude gaze, before which her cheek grew pale. Captain Dufour, who happened to be looking in the same direction, was the first to notice it.

"Par Dieu!" he exclaimed, in an aside to M. Latour, "but that person in the orchestra is rude; I will soon know the meaning of his impertinence."

"Pardon me, captain," said Armand, laying his hand upon the gallant officer's arm as he was about to leave the box quietly, "but it is my privilege."

This occurred in the rear of the box; at the same instant, Berford, who was leaning over Sophie, observed her pallor as well as the cause. He recognised in the offender M. Martin. An angry flush came over his brow, which Sophie immediately noticed, and laying her hand on his arm, she whispered, with low, deep emphasis:

"For God's sake, my cousin, if you love me, forbear." Before the meaning of this agitation had extended even to the others in the box, a scene occurred which diverted any attention that might otherwise have been drawn thereto. Next to M. Martin, and between him and the box of the Americans, was a fashionable dressed person, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor somewhat ostentatiously displayed in his button-hole. A looker-on would have said that this gentleman was very much gotten-up for the occasion, yet his manners were perfectly well-bred—what Frenchmen's are not?—though there was evidently a quiet *emprisonement* about him which betokened a mind pre-occupied with a single idea. He, too, had occasionally turned his eyes to the box containing Berford and his friends, but with respect and deference. The slight commotion which M. Martin's impudent glance occasioned, had been instantly observed by him also, and before the movement among our friends had attracted attention, as we have said, he suddenly arose, and with what might have seemed to others an easy nonchalance, placed his person between M. Martin and the object of his gaze; to the lawyer, however, the intention was as apparent as he considered it impudent. For the first time during the evening—so engrossed had been with other thoughts—M. Martin recognised in his neighbor, Lubec, the proprietor of the pistol gallery, and enraged at his conduct, he uttered in a low, hissing tone an insolent order for him to get out of his way.

This was replied to by a sneer of defiance, when, in a passion, Lubec dashed his left hand rudely in the face of the *éclatant* Lieutenant. In an instant there was a blaze of indignation around him; a Frenchman of spirit never forgives a blow to himself, and renews it even to another. The buss was very exciting for a moment, but quickly quieted, for two pale well-dressed gentlemen who belonged to the detective police stepped up to M. Martin and requested his company, which he had sense enough to comply with, without opposition.

The attention of our whole party was attracted of course, but in the general though momentary excitement which occurred, the evident and marked interest with which they regarded the scene passed without notice.

When the opera was over and the party retiring, Berford, accompanying Julie to M. Latour, was a few feet in advance of his friends, when he encountered M. Martin, who had been released on the assurance of an acquaintance upon whom he called, pale and threatening. Divining his motive, and wishing to avoid a scene, Berford said at once:

"I understand your object, sir, and will gratify it. Let us have no further scene."

"You are quick of apprehension, monsieur; that pleases me. There is my card. You will not keep me waiting; my right arm still pains me."

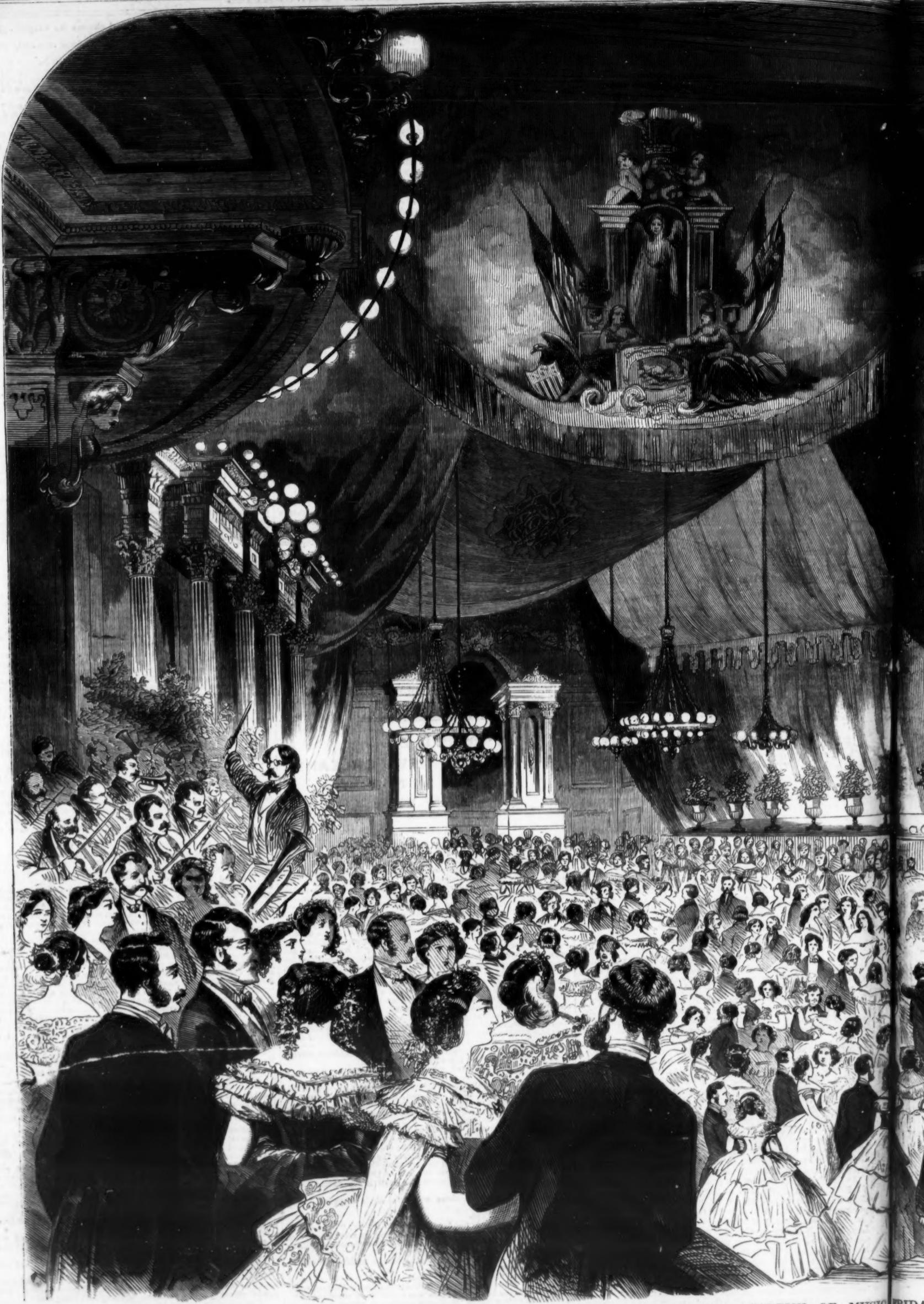
"My friend will call on you to-night," said Berford, "and now as a gentleman, spare the ladies your presence."

Martin bowed, with a smile of bitter satisfaction, and turned away before he was observed by any one, except Captain Dufour. This gallant officer came up promptly to Harry and whispered:

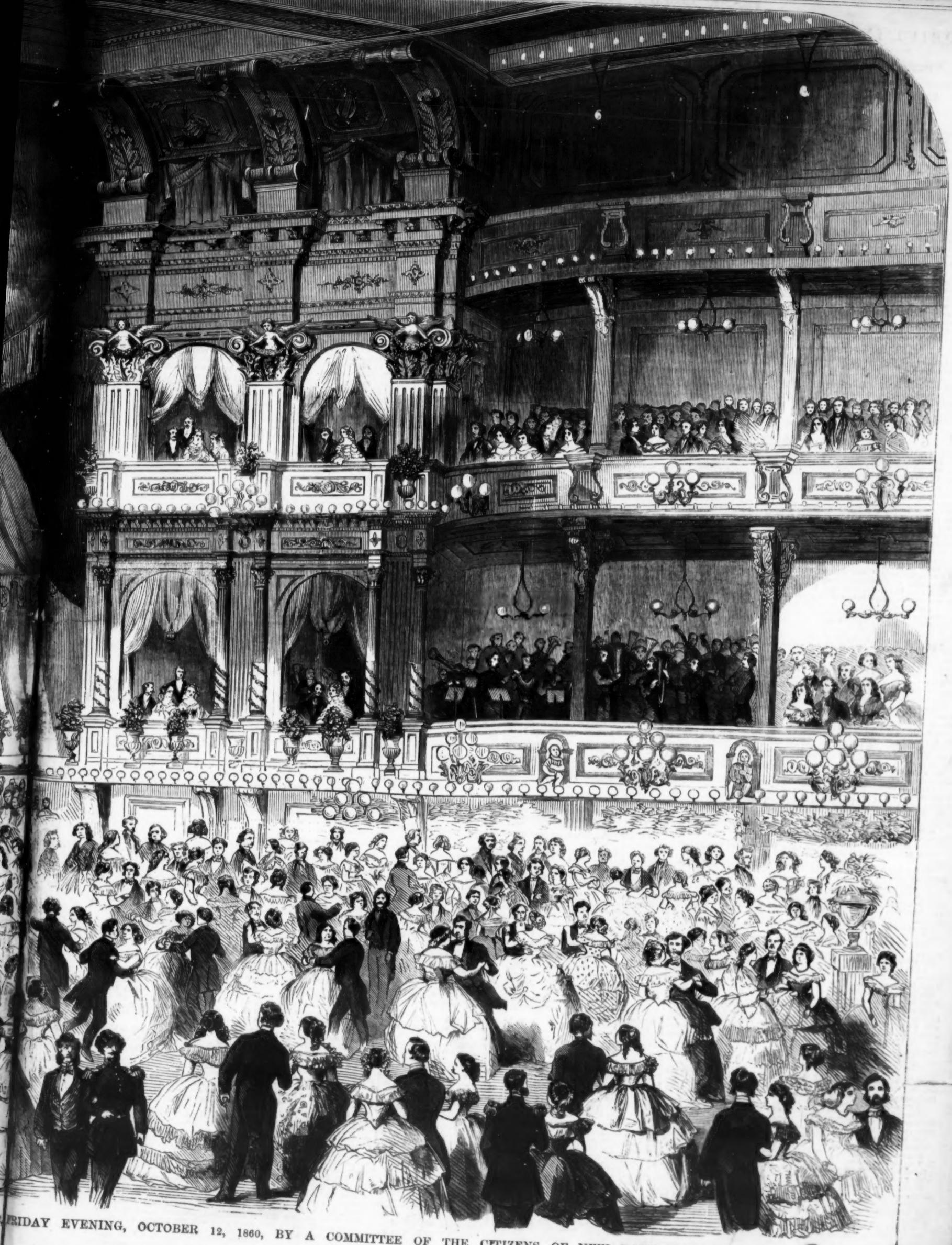
"You will allow me the honor?"

"Thank you captain, warmly," said Harry, slipping the card into his hand. "I will converse with you after the *pétit souper*, at which the ladies expect the honor of your company at our hotel."

(To be concluded in our next.)



GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FRIDAY



FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1860, BY A COMMITTEE OF THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 356.

## ADRIFT IN NEW YORK; OR, THE FORTUNES OF ADELE DUMONT.

By the Author of "Laure Morand," "Reminiscences of Le Grande Armée," "Blandford Hall Tragedy," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Has your father come in, Julia?"

"No, Mr. Gilbert, his has not come in," and Miss Julia Hodgson tossed her pretty head and went on rattling the keys of her piano.

Gilbert leaned on the richly carved and pearl inlaid instrument, and looked seriously in Julia's face. He looked pale and worn with a restless night, and his clothes were disordered and dusky.

"Julia," said he, "I want to speak with you."

She stopped rattling the keys and looked up. She was very beautiful—of that dazzling beauty which attracts and secures the gaze of a crowd; but which even now, in the girl of sixteen, revealed to the observant eye some signs of future carnalism and over-physical development.

Gilbert paused and gazed for a moment more in that handsome face, with a strange mixture of fascination and repulsion, and thought of the day when he beheld her for the first time and fancied he had found the embodiment of all his dreams; he went on: "You are aware that I have suffered very heavy pecuniary losses, Julia?"

"Gracious, Mr. Gilbert, can't you talk of something pleasant. I have heard of nothing but your losses ever since yesterday—papa and mamma seem to think of nothing else."

"Don't, dear Julia."

"I wish you would call me Juliet—Julia sounds so common."

"Julia," repeated he, "I entreat you listen to me seriously."

There was a flash in those large brilliant eyes, a pout on those full handsome lips, and an impatient, almost angry movement of the hand on her carpet.

"I asked you to call me Juliet," said she; "and I—she stopped short, for the door opened, and Mr. John Jones entered.

"Fair Juliet—" He too stopped short, and stood as if petrified, leaning on the crutch which he seemed really now to need, and staring in a bewildered way at Gilbert.

The two had met but once, and that only for a moment, and by the light of a street lamp, but they knew each other.

"Sir," said Mr. John Jones, so startled, that he adopted the characteristic phraseology, peculiar to him when cowed. "Your servant—glad to see you," and he hobbled up to Gilbert and held out his hand.

"Who the devil are you? How came you here?" said Gilbert, drawing back, and almost overcome with surprise.

"Who am I?" repeated Mr. John Jones, recovering himself. "Ah, hum, who am I?" and he gave a knowing look to Julia. "For the present I am your very humble servant, Mr. John Jones, a visitor, and I will even say a friend."

"Curse your impudence!" exclaimed Gilbert, losing all patience.

"I despise your vulgar violence," said Mr. John Jones, retreating prudently beyond reach. "Come, strike a wounded man, and fill up the measure of your iniquity," and having fully reached the door, Mr. John Jones threw himself in a favorite posture, and addressing some invisible being, asked solemnly: "Shall I chastise? No, leave him to himself and remorse," and seeing Gilbert move, Mr. John Jones leaped quickly back and placed the wooden door between them.

"Who is that man?" said Gilbert, turning to Julia.

Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes all in a blaze.

"That man is a gentleman, Mr. Gilbert, which you—" which you are not, the world have said, but she checked herself and added, "a friend and guest of ours, whom you had no right to insult," and she burst into a passion of angry tears.

He approached her, and would have taken her hand, but she drew it abruptly back and turned from him.

"Julia, what is the meaning of this strange conduct, tell me; I have a right to know; how came that man here?" Gilbert paused, trembling with emotion and hope. A few more words, a reproach, a taunt to the passionate, angry child before him, and he knew that would break through all bounds—he would be free! The thought of Adele rose up before him, a dreadful temptation—but he checked himself, and laying his hand upon her trembling arm, he said kindly, "Come, Julia, dear, what is the matter, tell me?"

"You insulted me—deceived me—mocked me!" said she, turning upon him in a perfect outburst of childish passion; "you don't love me—you never loved me!"

He would have spoken, but a sense of conscious guilt checked his words, and his eyes fell before hers.

"Do you think I am blind? Do you think I did not see and feel your coolness?" she went on, more and more violently. "Leave me sir; don't touch me!"

She would have rushed from him, but he retained his hold on her arm and said earnestly,

"You have spoken hard words, Julia, but you were excited, and I will make no reproach. No. Stay, Julia, you must hear me, we cannot part this way. You charged me just now with deceiving you. When?—how?—what makes you think so? I have a right to know."

"You trifled with my affections," said Julia, half subdued by his tones. Mother said so."

"Your mother—when?"

"Just now, before you came, and—and I would not believe her, but—"

"So it was your mother," said Gilbert, bitterly; "and you, Julia, until now, you did not doubt me?"

"You were altered, and cold and sad."

He felt that there was truth in her words, and his voice trembled with remorseful emotion as he said, "We were very young when we were engaged, Julia; you a mere child. You thought you loved me then—do you still think so now?"

Her eye fell, her voice faltered. "I did not know what love was."

"Then you do not love me," said he, with an irrepressible thrill of joy.

She made no answer.

"I will make no reproach, Julia—indeed I am perhaps most to blame. Give me no rash answer. Go to your room and think, and if you feel you cannot be happy as my wife, then you are free!"

She looked up, and there was a softened, almost a thankful look in her face.

Gilbert went on. "Let nothing your mother or any one else may have said influence you. I am still a rich man, and if you are my wife, I trust you will ever find me kind and true. Now, go, Julie, consult but your own heart, and whatever your decision may be, we will still be friends." He held out his hand; she took it, and they parted.

### CHAPTER XIX.

GILBERT was just leaving the house when he thought he caught the sound of Mr. Hodgson's voice speaking in the library. "Has Mr. Hodgson come in?" asked he of a servant he met in the hall.

"Yes, sir, he is in his study."

Gilbert quickly retraced his steps and reached the study door. He heard loud and excited talking; he caught the sound of his own name, and fearing to hear too much he tapped quickly.

The talking ceased. Mr. Hodgson's voice said "Come in," and he walked in.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson were both standing near the mantelpiece, looking much excited. Both started upon his entrance. Hodgson uttered a gruff "How are you?" and Mrs. Hodgson received him with a low courtesy and a forced smile.

"I did not know you were in," said Gilbert, after a moment of embarrassing silence. "I was in the parlor waiting for you."

"Indeed!" said Hodgson. Then taking up his own subject he said, abruptly, "So that Atlanta failure was too much for you, Mr. Gilbert?"

"My loss is a heavy one," answered Gilbert, "but I hope—"

"That I'll help you out of the mudholes, eh? No, no, sir."

"But, sir—"

"Saw through it all the moment I met you yesterday morning, and you pretended never to know a word about the failure. Can't catch me, sir; no, no. You represented yourself to me as worth over a hundred thousand dollars, sir, and I believed you, and I was duped sir! yes, duped!"

"By Heaven! but I will prove—"

"I don't want any of your proving. I know what I know, sir," Hodgson went on more and more excitedly, and prompted by his spouse. "I know what your loss is to the quarter of a cent. I know you have been about town all afternoon yesterday trying to peddle off your worthless paper, and I know of a note of yours that may go to the dogs before you catch me throwing away my money upon it. I am a plain-spoken man, sir, and I say that I have been duped; I am a plain-spoken man, sir, and I say that I have been duped again!"

"Hold, Mr. Hodgson," said Gilbert, still restraining himself, but trembling violently, "all these words are useless, and you will soon regret them. Did I ask you for money?"

"No," growled Hodgson, with some hesitation, "you didn't get a chance: ha, ha!"

"Nor did I mean to—nor do I need it, for in spite of the heavy loss I sustained yesterday I am still in a position to lend rather than to borrow."

"Lend! ha, ha! that's a good joke."

"And now, sir, the sooner all connection between us is broken the better."

"Just so," said Hodgson. Mrs. Hodgson nodded assent.

"I have seen Miss Hodgson and relieved her of all engagements towards me."

"Well, that's coming straight up to the mark, at any rate," said Hodgson, rather mollified. Mrs. Hodgson smiled approvingly.

"I requested Miss Hodgson to take time and consider," Gilbert went on. "She is now in her own room; let her but speak the word and she is free."

"I will bring her answer," said Mrs. Hodgson, moving towards the door. Gilbert bowed and she went out.

"Curse the women," said Hodgson, uneasily; "they are always in such a confounded hurry one hasn't time to think."

Gilbert did not speak, and there were some moments of awkward silence.

"I am sorry it should have happened," mumbled Hodgson, who, as he began to cool down, felt ashamed and almost afraid at the thought of his former violence. "Now, if when I met you yesterday, you had just said, Mr. Hodgson, I was a little broad about those hundred thousand dollars—"

"I should have lied!"

"Well, well, this is a strange world we live in," said Hodgson, not knowing what to say. "Poor July, poor July," and both relapsed into silence.

In less than five minutes Mrs. Hodgson was back. "Miss Hodgson presents her compliments to Mr. Gilbert and returns his letters," said she, laying a small bundle of letters on the table.

Gilbert took the letters, and saying that Miss Hodgson would receive her own before night, he bowed to Mrs. Hodgson and left the room. But Hodgson followed him down stairs and stopped him.

"It I wronged you I am sorry," said he, half holding out his hand. "This is perhaps the last time we'll ever speak; say you mean no malice."

"You did wrong me," said Gilbert, taking the proffered hand, and said, "But I, too, have been to blame. What is past is past. Adieu."

"Yes, what's past is past. Poor July."

Gilbert moved towards the door, then as if suddenly recollecting him self, he turned back and said, "Mr. Hodgson, I met in your house a man by the name of John Jones. Beware of him!"

"What! Mr. John Jones? Why Mrs. Hodgson and July are crazy about him."

"He is a scoundrel, take my word for it. Adieu."

### CHAPTER XX.

THE Hodgsons' door closed behind him, and Gilbert felt that he was free.

Free! Oh, what an overwhelming rush of joy in the thought. How anger, and doubt and fear were at once swept away. He was free! He almost ran, and felt as if he could bound and shout through excess of life and joy.

He reached Mrs. Frothingham's, and the unaccountable change in his looks almost startled her. With hurried words he told her what had passed and begged her to release him from his promise and let him see Adele.

But the old lady was inexorable. "No," said she, "he had just escaped from one foolish engagement, and he would not, if she could help it, fall into another."

In vain did Gilbert pray and storm. His word was passed, and Mrs. Frothingham's mind was made up. "He must wait," said she; "he must prove himself sane and then she would see."

On the next day, as Gilbert sat alone in his room listlessly glancing down the columns of a newspaper, a paragraph struck his eye which made him start from his seat and filled his mind with uncontrollable emotion and sorrow. It was this:

"ELOPEMENT IN UPTONTON.—Last evening the beautiful Miss J. H.—, eldest daughter of C. H.—, Esq., a well-known merchant on—street, eloped with an actor by the name of John Jones, &c., &c., &c. The knot was duly tied by the Rev. Robert Lovejoy, of the—church, and the happy pair at once left for the country."

Julia—oh! Julia, who a few short months ago was to him more than life!—Julia, who but a day before was still to bear his name and guard his honor. Julia, oh! poor Julia!

### CHAPTER XXI.

THREE weeks have passed since the events narrated in our last chapter, and at last Gilbert received from Mrs. Frothingham a summons to her house.

He found the old lady alone, and seated as usual among her books in her study.

Gilbert tried hard to look calm, to look sane as his old friend called it; but he could not, and the word broke from his lips, "Adele!"

"Adele Dumont is here, in her own house, with her adopted mother."

Gilbert seized the old lady's hand and could only murmur, "My best, my own dear mother's friend."

"Dear as the only living child of one who was to me more than a sister; dear as the best loved friend of my own lost boy; dear as a son almost can be to a mother; but you have not proved untrue or fickle once." She paused; his head bowed before her, and he said,

"Oh! I have suffered much—forgive me."

"Were you to win my Adele's heart and break it?" again she paused, the intended threat seeming to die in her heart as she gazed in his imploring, uplifted face. "But I can trust you now. Go, find Adele; she is in the parlor. Be kind to her and true to her, boy, and God bless you."

Gilbert sat alone by the parlor window, with the gray wintry light falling on her pale face, and her eyes apparently fixed on her work, but dreamily gazing far away.

She had found a home now, and a friend—oh! such a friend. She saw her dear father daily recovering his strength and hopes; she ought to have been happy, but—but as the rose to bloom needs more than the nutritive strength of the earth, more than air, more than light—but as the rose needs the warm, life-giving touch of the sun, so—so the rose needs a woman's heart—there must be another, a greater, more all-absorbing love; a love that can be felt but once, and for one; a love which alone has power to fuse two natures into one—which will make both youth and maiden leave country, home, kindred, all, and cleave to each other unto death, for the twain are one flesh. Yes, there must be that love whose foreshadowing warmth lives as a dreamy, blissful hope in youthful hearts, giving them strength and life and impulse, but which once crushed leaves the heart sunless and empty.

Adele looked up as the door opened and their eyes met—for a moment the blood rushed to her cheek, then was forced violently back to her heart, leaving her paler still than before. She rose, and returned Gilbert's bow; then would have left the room, but he detained her.

"Do I frighten you?" said he.

"No," answered she, trembling violently, "but I must go."

"Go? When we parted I thought it was as friends. Is it so that friends should meet?"

"You have been very kind to me," murmured Adele, "but—"

"But what, Adele?" He took her hand and led her back to her seat. The light from which she had been turned now fell full on her face. Gilbert almost started. "You have been sick," said he.

"No, not sick."

"You have suffered." He went on gazing intently in her face.

Again their eyes met; there was no mistaking that look, that earnest, passionate gaze, so full of anxious love. He felt her hand

quiver within his, saw the color once more rise to her cheek, and she faltered,

"All have been very kind to me."

"And ye' you have suffered."

She made no answer.

"When we first met, Adele, I felt at once drawn towards you, felt that we must be friend: you were unfortunate and lonely: I thought I could help you. I thought I could love you as a sister. Then came that night when we last met; then my eyes were opened, and I knew that I could never be a mere brother to you, Adele—then for a moment I forgot all, and well nigh acted the part of a villain, or I was no free—"

"Not free!" the words burst spontaneously from her lips, and the hand which lay trembling in his started violently back.

"But now, Adele, but now I am free—free to call to you my own, my love, my wife—free to give you my life. Oh! do not turn from me."

She had no time for thought. He read the answer in her eye, and clasped her passionately to his heart. They were one now for ever.

"Fudge!" says Mr. Paragon, "the man must have been a fool—who ever heard of making love in that way?"

"Oh! respected Paragon, were you ever twenty years of age? Did you ever fall desperately in love with Miss Grey while you were engaged to Miss Brown? Did you succeed at last in breaking your bonds, and did some inexorable old Miss Prudence then keep you for three long weeks shut up alone in your room, thinking of Miss Grey and of the blissful meeting to take place? And then, when the time came and that you were fully prepared and resolved to act sensibly and according to programme, did you suddenly find out that sweet Miss Grey had actually been going into a decline through love of you?"

Then, Mr. Paragon, if you really did experience all this, and went on making love by the inch like a respectable, prudent, sensible paragon, your love isn't worth having. Is it, Miss White?

### CHAPTER XXII.

MONTHS have passed, reader, nay, almost a year, and there have been hundreds of weddings in Gotham—weddings in palaces and weddings in garrets, weddings in churches and weddings in grog shops, by night and by day—young brides, and middle-aged brides, and old brides—blushing brides, and brazen brides and brides of all hues and nations have gone to the arms of the man of their choice.

And among those many weddings there was one, a quiet affair, unnoticed by you, Miss McFlimy—Brown had nothing to do with it, Grace Church knew nothing of it, and the Rev. Dr. Flutter dove did not tie the knot. Yet by us, who stood among the few privileged friends and watched the scene, that union will soon be forgotten.

That old man's look, as with his child's joy reflected in his face, and yet such anguish painted there as told that his best earthly tie was sundered, he relinquished his daughter's hand, and to the question, "Who gives away this woman?" answered "I." And she, so young, so guileless and so pure, leaving, without a fear or doubt, the stay of her childhood, to cling in fond reliance to her new support. Oh, well might he feel proud and blessed, the man so trusted! Those solemn words, "I pronounce thee man and wife;" and again, "Those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," words to which these two young souls seemed to respond, and by a silent pressure of the hand to say "Amen."

Oh, yes

Gilbert, that's part of Patrick O'Donnegan's prayer night and morning!" And with these parting words Pat climbed his box and rolled quickly away.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AND NOW, reader, follow us for a few moments into that home where our travellers have found a safe haven at last.

There sits Dumont, and beside him Mrs. Frothingham; both seem to have found the joys of youth again, the bright glow of the fire gives color to their cheeks, and an animated smile lights up their faces as they speak of olden times and of places and things once familiar to both.

And there, on the sofa at the further end of the room, sit Gilbert and his wife. How proud and safe she looks with her hand linked in his! How pure that brow, how full of love and tender sympathy the timid yet truthful glance of those eyes! What a picture of present holy bliss!

Gilbert has just told her of his meeting with Hodgson, and a shade of thoughtful sadness overcasts her face as she thinks of poor Julia.

And now a servant enters and hands a letter to Gilbert; he opens it and reads:

"Sir—Mrs. John Jones begs me to return the inclosed letter, and to tell you that the vulgar and patronizing assumptions of paltry wealth can meet but with contempt and scorn at the hands of geniuses.

"As to the trifles your letter inclosed, it is retained, and will at once be applied to some philanthropic and benevolent scheme of charity.

"Through motives not here to be mentioned, I continue to disguise my identity under the vulgar cognomen of

"JOHN JONES."

"There," says Gilbert, handing the letter to Adele, "there is the answer to my letter to Julia."

And Adele reads, and with the name of John Jones returns the thought of her former trials, when she was tossed alone in that dread foreign sea. And she shudders, then smiles and nestles closer to her loved one's side, and thanks God for the safe anchorage which she has found at last in Gotham.

THE END.

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of Interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. L., Warsaw.—You must keep the ball you have, and let the game proceed.

? Washington, D. C.—Yes. Cannot fix any time as yet.

R. T., St. Louis.—Shot declined.

E. O. B., Nuscan, D. McC.—Received. Will be attended to at the earliest possible moment.

Boston, Springfield, Mass.—Your communication is too long, and is not exactly suited to our billiard column. It is more fitted for a literary journal, so that, though we acknowledge its merit, we are obliged to decline it. We have no room for fanciful compositions in which the game of billiards is made one of the incidentals; all our space is devoted to the science of the game, and the items of news connected with it. We shall return your manuscript whenever you advise us to that effect.

W. B.—M. Berger's table is two feet shorter, one foot narrower and three and a half inches lower than the ordinary American table. The cushions are also much higher. M. Berger plays with balls much smaller than ours; his cues are also shorter and broader on the top.

Ashtabula, October 6, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—You will do me a favor by answering the following question through *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*: Is it proper to spot a red ball on the middle spot when you cannot put it on its proper spot without disturbing another ball? I have seen rules where it was said to be correct.

Yours truly, BURNETT.

Ans.—No. Should the spot be covered by any other ball, when the red is pocketed or forced off, the red must remain of the table until its proper position is vacant and all the balls cease rolling.

St. Louis, October 11th, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I take this opportunity to ask you a question in regard to the game of billiards that is not laid down in the rules of the game. If the player plays on the red ball and knocks it off the table, and makes a carom on that red ball and another, has he a right to count the carom and play on?

Yours truly, L. S.

## TIME WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

M. Berger's EXHIBITION.—M. Berger's exhibitions during the past week have been attended, both afternoon and evening, by large and appreciative audiences, who have testified their pleasure at witnessing his extraordinary feats with a table and balls differing in size, and cushions differing in elasticity from those he has always been the habit of playing with. It should have been discontinued, &c.

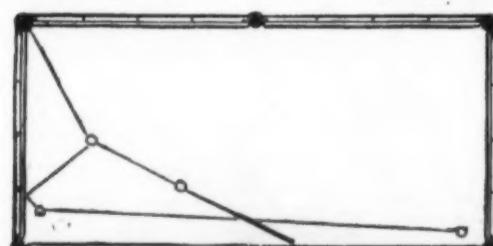
ON THE CONTRARY; QUOTE THE REVERSE.—By a typographical error in our last week's column, we were made to say that Mr. Phelan would give cues with M. Berger, "but of course, like his New York brethren, with the advantage of a table and balls differing in size, and cushions differing in elasticity from those he has always been the habit of playing with." It should have been discontinued, &c.

BILLIARD IN ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The splendid establishment which Mr. Miller, of New Orleans, is about to open in St. Louis, will be inaugurated about the end of the present month. M. Isidor has left New York to assist Mr. Miller in the management of this immense establishment. Twenty-three of Phelan's best style of tables have been manufactured expressly for Mr. Miller. The well-known billiard establishment in New Orleans, of which Mr. Miller is the proprietor, will be continued as usual.

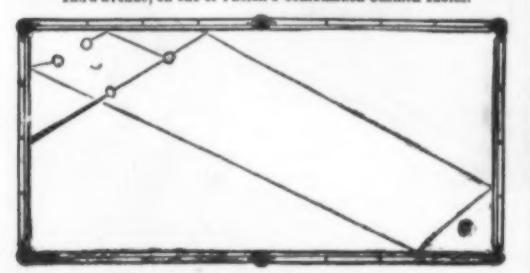
AN OPENING.—A new billiard-room was opened in the Times Building, adjoining Creek & Duff's popular restaurant, in Park Row, on Friday, the 12th instant. Mr. Phelan and other favorite players were present, and the gentlemen present on the occasion were highly pleased. Mr. Roberts is the proprietor of the new room, which is admirably located, and cannot fail to do a flourishing business. It will be a great accommodation to the literary and professional gentlemen of that quarter, who experience the need of a respectable billiard-room, where they may find an occasional moment of relaxation from their exhausting intellectual labors.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Having seen numerous diagrams of shots in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, we send you one made by a young friend of ours, which we hope you will insert, and oblige, yours truly,

STAPLES &amp; FOSTER.



Thirteen shot, made by John A. Cooley at the National Billiard Rooms, 490 Third avenue, on one of Phelan's Combination Cushion Tables.



Sheet for Practice—How to leave a good break.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Hartung, who was convicted about three years ago for the murder of her husband, in order to gratify a passion for her paramour, has been awarded a new trial.

At the Breckinridge barbecue near Winchester, Clark county, being prevented by a gentleman named Scott from rushing to the dinner-table reserved for ladies, drew a pistol and fired at the latter. West missed his aim, but unfortunately the shot took effect in the face of Miss Emma Hickman, inflicting a serious wound. The conduct of West so enraged the crowd present that they seized him and made three attempts to hang him to a tree, when the Sheriff of the county prevailed upon the mob to deliver the would-be murderer over to the law. West was subsequently taken to Winchester, and lodged in jail to await his trial.

The body of a man, who was identified as Daniel Shean, was found floating in the East River the other day. There were marks of violence on the head, and at first it was concluded that he had been murdered. It has since transpired that he escaped from Blackwell's Island he had been drowned. The body of a man, who was identified as Daniel Shean, was found floating in the East River the other day. There were marks of violence on the head, and at first it was concluded that he had been murdered. It has since transpired that he escaped from Blackwell's Island he had been drowned.

A MAN named Donnelly was burned to death on Saturday night, the 13th. Going too near some clothing with a lamp it took fire. His wife escaped, expecting him to follow her, but remaining to save some money he had stowed away in a box under the bed he was suffocated. Through the exertions of the firemen the flames were subdued.

Mr. Louis Dierz, a most respectable man, committed suicide on the 10th, at his house in West Twelfth street. He had been wrongfully accused by a firm in Washington street of obtaining goods on false pretences, and it had such an effect upon him that he poisoned himself. A deep responsibility rests upon the man who caused it, and the affair ought to be investigated, as much out of justice to the living as the dead.

A TERRIFIC gale lately devastated the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 6th and 7th of October. The railroad bridge at Shediac was carried away, buildings were blown down, and vessels driven from their moorings.

It takes very little to make a hero. An old gentleman who fought at Bunker's Hill lately received an ovation in Boston because he had lived a few years longer than usual. We would not underrate heroes, but longevity is not a sufficient reason for the dedication.

A GERMAN named Lowe, about two years ago, exchanged 100,000 dollars of the Bank of Barbados for the office of Van Hoffman & Co. Before his villainy was discovered he had escaped from the country. Suppose that the matter was forgotten he returned about two months ago, but was recognized the other day in the Third avenue, and given into custody. His infatuation in returning is unaccountable.

BLODON closed his wonderful performances at Jones's Wood on Monday, and for this season has escaped—to the great disappointment of the public—without breaking his neck. On the present occasion he crossed the rope on stilts. He was twenty minutes in the performance of this almost incredible feat, which he accomplished with great certainty. There were full six thousand spectators on the ground. Blodon visits England in the spring.

ARKANSAS still retains its eminence for violence. At Van Buren, on the 14th, after a regular muster, three persons, named Rufus and Jackson Covington (brothers), and Richard, a son of the latter, were killed by two brothers named Sims and Benjamin Edwards, and several others were badly cut and otherwise injured on both sides. An old feud had existed between the parties, but the Edwardses, who have long been the terror of this part of the State, were the aggressors. While trying to make their escape, they were overtaken a short distance from town by the constable and his posse, and lodged in jail. A large crowd nearly succeeded in taking the prisoners from the constable and hanging them in the street, and afterwards surrounded the jail for that purpose, but were finally pacified. The people are much excited, and it is feared that the prisoners will yet be lynched. It is the most atrocious affair ever known here.

The inquest on Capt. Kelly, who was found floating in the river some weeks ago, was resumed before Coroner Goffey; and Dr. Elder, the first physician in Hoboken, was examined, but nothing important was elicited. The mysterious disappearance of the schooner's yawl, and the man, John Hooper, would seem to affix the guilt on him. The inquest was consequently postponed for a few days, in the hope of getting further evidence.

JOHN SWARTH, a German, was instantly killed at Cincinnati on Wednesday, by the bursting of a millstone. He was employed in the Excelsior Flour Mills, and carelessly set the machinery in motion at full speed. Scarcely a moment elapsed when a large-sized burr millstone burst and scattered itself through the lower story. One of the iron hoops which bound the stone struck Swartz on the left side and mashed in all his ribs, and otherwise injured him internally, so that he died within twenty minutes. A portion of the stone was projected a distance of ten feet, and then entirely through an eight-inch brick wall, but fortunately did no other damage.

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REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON IN IRELAND.

A SINGULAR phenomenon was witnessed lately near Derry. A gentleman was returning from Carndonagh with his family, and the party had just dismounted off the car to walk the hill near Quigley's Point, when their attention was attracted by a wonderful appearance in the heavens. Away to the north they saw several ships in the air, sailing across the face of the sky from east to west. The line of vessels seemed to be fully five miles in length, and they appeared to be sailing down a river whose high banks could be made out behind the ships. Some of the vessels appeared to be moored close to a fortress built on a rock. To all the party was the phenomenon distinctly visible. So clear was the air, and so close did the ships appear to their eyes, that the sailors pulling at the ropes were made out with ease, even by the children who saw the strange spectacle. The phenomenon was nearly half an hour before it disappeared. Although the appearance of such things in the heavens may be very startling, the phenomena are no unknown about this part of the Irish coast. The "mirage," as it is termed, often displays itself in fantastic shapes on the shores of the northern countries. It most frequently is seen on the coast of Antrim, especially in the vicinity of the Causeway. About twelve years ago a very curious instance of mirage was seen in Lough Foyle. Some fishermen had been out at night with their nets. The face of the heavens was overcast; and black, when the clouds suddenly parted, leaving a bright gap of clear sky in the zenith. Across this space the astonished fisherman saw some thousands of soldiers pass, rank after rank and regiment after regiment, and so near did the phenomenon appear that the dress of the soldiers could be easily distinguished from that of the men. It was two hours before the marching ceased, or rather before the clouds closed in and shut out the scene from view.

## WILD JUSTICE.

THE telegraph gives under date of the 4th of October some terrible instances of legal violence or spasmatic justice, more resembling the earlier ages of mankind than the nineteenth century. It is dated Fort Smith, Arkansas:

"This afternoon, about three o'clock, a man named Martin H. Gilliam, alias William Owen, formerly of Johnston, Bates county, Mo., was hung at this place for horse stealing, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. He was arrested some weeks since, and an effort made to hang him, during which he jumped away from the rope, and was shot down while in the act of escaping. His wounds were serious, and medical treatment was afforded. As soon as his injuries would admit of his being removed, he was taken to the county jail at Greenwood, whence he escaped last night, and to facilitate his flight stole another horse, but was retaken this morning at Van Buren and returned to this place, where summary punishment was again determined on. He was led to a tree with the fatal noose adjusted round his neck. Seeing no hope of escape he confessed his guilt, manifested contrition for all past deeds, sought forgiveness at the throne of mercy in a feeling prayer, and earnestly called upon those present to be admonished by the example before them. He was then swung up and the tragedy was concluded.

"Scarcely had these proceedings ended when another prisoner was brought into town, charged with the same offence. He was examined on the street, confessed the crime of which he was accused, and hurried to the fatal spot, and soon swung by the side of his brother in crime. The second victim was a Choctaw half-breed, named Shadot. The bodies will not be taken down till to-morrow. The citizens here have become greatly incensed against horse-thieves, as of late their offences have been bold and numerous, and the operations of the law on this frontier is known to be slow and uncertain."

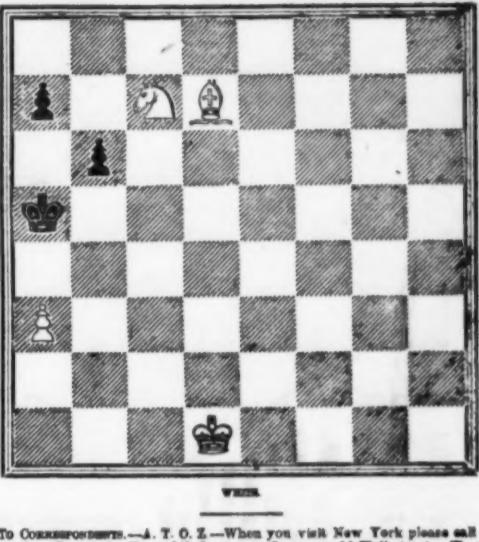
However merited the punishment thus rudely dealt out to the criminals may have been, it is impossible not to regret a state of society in which impromptu murder takes the place of solemn necessity. Judge Lynch is just as likely to hang the wrong man as the right. All he craves is a victim—an example to sooth his cowardice or greed.

## CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Price, the Chess Editor, Box 3466, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 270.—By R. B., Norfolk, Va. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—4. T. O. Z.—When you visit New York please call on us at the office of the Home Life Insurance Company, 16 Wall street. We will insure you a hearty reception and your life into the bargain. W. Kno—Enclosed game received; will soon appear. T. H. no—If we are not mistaken those positions have been published in the *Evening Bulletin* and *Monthly Journal*. Solutions received. S. PARTRIDGE, Owings Mills, Md.—With even play it would be a draw. J. W. SHAW, Philadelphia—Thanks for the game. M. B. Brooklyn—You will find men and boards at Fowler's billiard room, corner of Court and Remond streets. Terms two dollars per annum. D. F.—Please let us hear from you.

The following two games were played in the Tournament at the Cambridge Meeting, between Messrs. KORNBLUM and STANLEY:

## GAME I.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. K.	Mr. S.	Mr. K.	Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 3	26 Q to K K 5	P to K K 5
2 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	27 P tks P	K R to K B 8
3 P tks P	P tks P	28 K R to K B 2	Q to K R 4 (f)
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	29 Q tks Q 3	Kt to K R 3
5 B to Q 3	Kt to K B 3	30 Q tks Q (g)	R tks Q
6 Castles	B to Q 3	31 K R to K 2	Kt to K B 4
7 R to K sq (ch)	Q B to K 2	32 K to K B 2 (k)	E to K R 2
8 B to K B 5	Castles (a)	33 Q R to K B 2 (h)	K to K B 2
9 B tks B	P tks B	34 Kt to K B 4	Q R to K K 5 (g)
10 Kt to K B 5 (b)	Q to Q 2	35 R to K R 5	P to Q K 5
11 P to K 4	P to K 4 (e)	36 R to K 5 (f)	P to K B 4 (g)
12 Kt to Q B 2	P to K R 3	37 P to Q K 4	Q K tks P
13 Kt to K B 4	Kt to K B 4	38 Q K tks P	Q R to Q B 8
14 P to K 1 3	Q to K B 2	39 Q tks P	Q R to Q B 4
15 B to K 3	P to K 4	40 Kt to O 3 (f)	R tks K
16 Kt to K 4	Kt to K 4	41 P to Q B 3 (m)	P to Q R 4
17 K B P tks B	P to Q R 3	42 P to B 6	K to B 3
18 Q to K 2	P to K 3	43 Kt to B 4 (ch)	K to B 2
19 P to Q R 3	P to K 5 (d)	44 P to B 7	Q R to Q B 9
20 R to K B 4	Kt to K 2	45 B tks Kt	K tks P
21 Q to Q 2	Kt to K 4	46 Kt to K 2	P to Q 5 (g)
22 B to K B 4	Kt to K 2	47 B tks Q	R tks K
23 Kt to K 2	Kt to K 2	48 R tks R	P tks K
24 B to K 5 (e)	Q to K 2	49 R to R 7 (ch)	Kt interposes
25 B to K 6	P to K R 6	50 B to R 6	Reagan.

(a) The best move at this juncture.  
(b) Correctly played. No advantage would have accrued to White from R tks P. For let us suppose:

10 R tks P  
11 R to Q B 4 (best)  
12 R tks K  
13 R tks R (with a winning position).

(c) An extremely hazardous move, which ought not to have been ventured against a player of Mr. Koltch's forces.

(d) Black contemplated moving Kt to K 2, and then Kt to K B 4. White, by moving P to K 4, would have frustrated that object; the move adopted by Mr. Stanley was, therefore, a good one.

(e) Effectually preventing Black's intended manœuvre, P to K 8, and then Kt to K 4, &c.

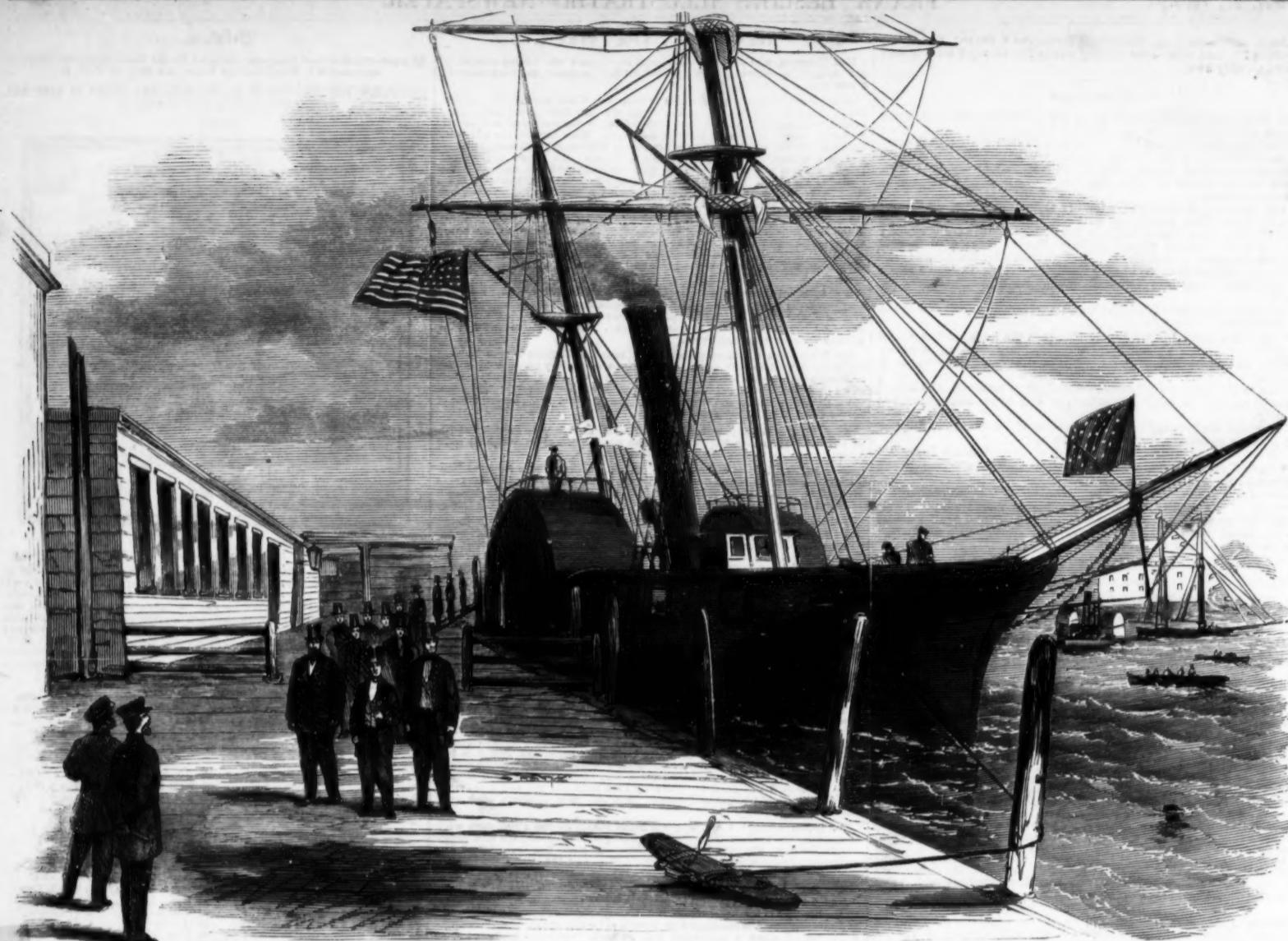
(f) Compulsory, because White threatened to win the Queen by moving R to K 2. Had Black, instead of the move in the text, played Q to K R 6, White would have gained a clear piece by taking Knight with Rook.

(g) An examination of the position will show that White selected the best move in order to obtain a winning game.

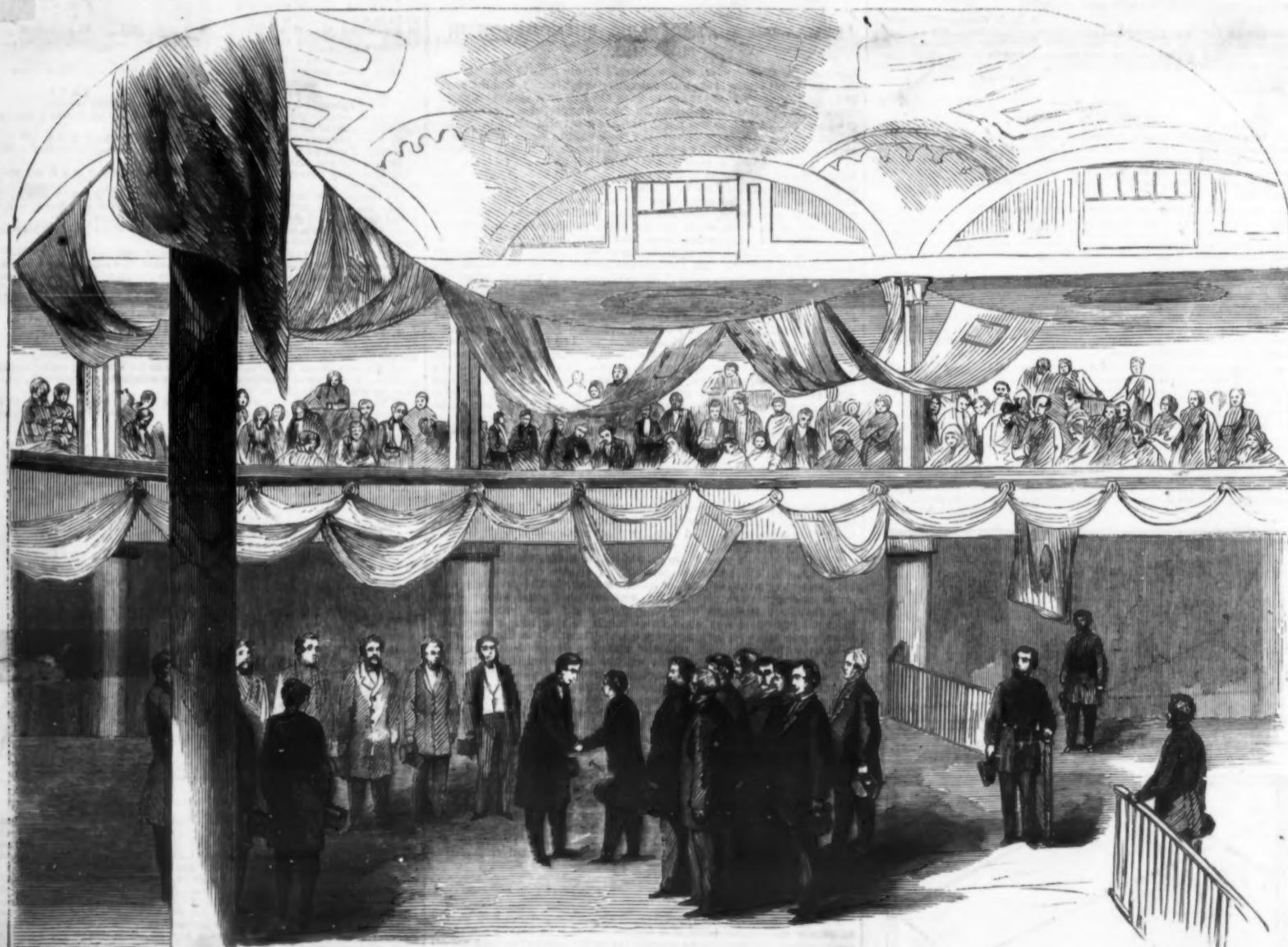
(h) Insignificant as this move appears, it was an important link in the chain of a remarkable combination. The skilful manner in which Mr. Koltch conducted his game to the end is deserving of close attention, and commands our warmest praise.

(i) White might have played Kt tks Q P, when the following variation would have occurred:

32 Kt tks Q P  
33 R tks Kt  
34 R tks R (ch)  
35 Kt to K 5  
36 R tks P  
37 R to B 6, with a winning game.



ARRIVAL OF THE REVENUE CUTTER HARRIET LANE AT THE BATTERY—LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, LORD LYONS, EARL ST. GERMAINS, AND THE REST OF THE SUITE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1860.—SEE PAGE 356.



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CASTLE GARDEN BY THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND COMMON COUNCIL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1860.—SEE PAGE 356.

## HON. JOHN ROSE.

We are pleased to introduce to our readers the Honorable John Rose, the Chief of the Bureau of Public Works in the Canadian Provinces. Mr. Rose, of which the accompanying portrait is a life-like picture, is a Scotchman of about forty years of age. His personal appearance is very dignified and commanding, and his manner affable and courteous in the extreme. At an early age he was admitted to the Canadian bar, before which he rapidly rose to eminence and influence. Entering the stormy life of politics, he soon won the admiration and support of all who admire sterling integrity, combined with unusual tact and executive ability, and was urged repeatedly to forsake his lucrative and rapidly increasing legal practice for the exalted position which he at present so ably fills. In his capacity of Chief Commissioner of Public Works he has had sole charge of the extensive preparations made for the reception and entertainment of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and has earned for himself the everlasting gratitude and respect of all his constituents, for the peculiarly appropriate and singularly successful manner in which not only the general movements but the innumerable details of that grand affair have been managed.

He represents the city of Montreal in the Lower House, and having the entire confidence of his supporters, has been requested to stand as a candidate for the Upper House. The Council or Ministerial Board is composed of twelve members, of which he is a prominent component. Under his charge is so vast and complicated a line of business, that he is compelled to engage the entire service of twenty subordinates, whose labors are unremitting during the greater portion of the time. The official residence of Mr. Rose is at Quebec, though he has an elegant dwelling at Montreal, which is now occupied by Sir Fenwick W.

Williams, the hero of Kars and the Commander-in-Chief of Her British Majesty's army in the Canadas. The Prince of Wales occupied it during his sojourn at Montreal, and it was entirely refitted, furnished and decorated for that purpose. The kind facilities extended, and the unusual courtesies shown by

Mr. Rose to the gentlemen of the American press during the Prince's Canadian tour, have won for him the regard and esteem of them all, and he may rest assured they will not forget him. It is rumored that His Royal Highness will confer the order of knighthood upon Mr. Rose prior to his departure from Canada,

and if so, we are sure no better person nor one more deserving can be found in the Provinces than the subject of this necessarily brief but earnest notice.

## THE YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, the most explosive and astounding Yankee that ever honeyfugled John Bull, recently delivered a speech at a dinner party in London, and remarked that, "as a nation," the English language was more accurately and purely spoken in the United States than it is in Great Britain, whereat says the report, there was "loud laughter." The speaker immediately exclaimed: "I will prove it. Order your dinner in every village from Maine to California, and they will understand you for 16,000 miles; but go 500 miles from Aberdeen to Dover, and you can lose yourself in a Babel of tongues. Remember, gentlemen, the American don't speak Gaelic, or Manx, or Celtic, or Welsh [laughter]; and I assure you, upon my honor, Yorkshire and Lancashire is not taught in our common schools [laughter]; and I am informed, on good authority, that there are no Professors of Irish or Scotch in our academies. [Applause.] Lindley Murray, Lord Lyndhurst and Noah Webster were all Americans. Our written language will always be English; our spoken language is American."

In conclusion he observed:

"The time has arrived to state that Sam Slick is not an American institution—that American securities are safer and pay better than those of any other nation—[Oh!]—that the almighty dollar is not so much respected in the social world by the American as the almighty shilling by the Englishman—[Oh! and laughter]—that Americans never filibuster, while England never did anything else—[hear, hear and applause]—that our people, as a people, are more temperate, more moral, better educated and better dressed than their illustrious predecessors—[hear, and roars of laughter]—and that the toothbrush story, like Arrowsmith's railways and revolvers in Georgia, has turned out to be a hoax. [Laughter and applause.] England views mankind from a first-class carriage—hence, when a few thousand Westenders go to the seaside they say everybody is out of town! What a nation!

All the misconception has arisen by comparing the English dress circle with the American pit—or Oxford and Cambridge against all America! Compare dress circle with dress circle, gallery with gallery, pit with pit, and then America will receive justice in Europe. [Applause.] England's sympathies are reserved for the black race—America considers white people equally respectable.



HON. JOHN ROSE, M. P. P., CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF PUBLIC WORKS IN THE CANADIAN PROVINCES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, OF MONTREAL.



GRAND BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE TEMPORARY SUPPER-ROOM, ERECTED BY THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THE GUESTS.—SEE PAGE 356.

England has always been looking out of the cabin at America in the forecastle—England has been the palpit. America the audience—England the schoolmasters, America the scholars. That day has passed away. A published idea is an expired patent."

## M. BERGER.

For some months past the American world of billiards has been kept in a state of excitement in relation to the expected coming of the celebrated French billiard-player, M. Berger. He was tempted by challenges, allured by tournaments, but, refusing all, determined at last to visit us on his own account, have a few games with his friend, Mr. Phelan, and give a few exhibitions of his skill.

He was, of course, very warmly welcomed here, the American champion, Phelan, showing him every hospitality, and placing his private rooms at the service of the distinguished stranger. His playing fully justifies the most glowing accounts which have preceded him. His shots are marvellous—extraordinary, unequalled by anything that we have seen on this continent, and we very much doubt if, at his own game, there is a man in the world who could win one game in a dozen from him, even at large odds.

To attempt to describe the wonderfully scientific and eccentric shots which he accomplishes with such apparent ease would be simply impossible, but we cordially recommend all our friends who have the opportunity to go and see M. Berger at Phelan's Billiard Rooms, either in the afternoon or evening of any day during the week. Whoever goes will be more than amply repaid.

An attorney in Minnesota, who had received from another State an account to recover, after acknowledging the receipt of the letter of instruction, replied as follows: "Now, I am perfectly astonished at you for sending a claim out here for recovery in these times. You might as well cast your net into the celebrated Stygian pool to catch pickled trout as to try to collect money here. Money! You have a faint recollection of having seen it when I was a small boy. I believe it was given me by my uncle to buy sugar candy with. (The candy I do remember.) But it has been so long since I have seen any that I almost forgot whether gold is made of corn or mustard, or silver of white onions or fish scales. Why, sir, we live without money. You're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism—of ages past."

"Doors," said a wagish parishioner of good old Parson E— to him one day, "I think I must have a pew nearer the desk than where I now have it." "Why," said the parson, "can't you hear well where you are?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but that ain't it. The fact is there are so many people between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where I am it is as flat as fish-water."

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

## COUGHS.

The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience has proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stages of disease, recourse should at once be had to Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Lozenges, let the Cold, Cough and Throat be ever so slight, as by this prosecution a mere serious attack may be effectually warded off.

BROWN'S TROCHES. "That trouble in my Throat, (for which the Troches is a specific), havin' made me when a mere whisper."

M. F. WILLETT.

"I recommend their use to Pulmo SPEAKERS."

REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for Hoarseness."

REV. H. W. BECHKE.

"Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma."

REV. A. C. EGGLESTON.

"Contains no Opium or anything injurious."

DR. A. A. HAVE, Chemist, Boston.

"A simple and pleasant combination for Coughs, &c."

DR. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"Beneficial in Bronchitis."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, Boston.

"I have proved them excellent for Whooping Cough."

REV. H. W. WARREN, Boston.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Cough."

REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"I heartily unite in the above commendation."

REV. M. SCHUYLER.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."

PROF. M. STACY JUNIOR,

LaGrange, Ga.

Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, producing Hoarseness and Cough."

THE TROCHES are the only effectual remedy, giving power and comfort to the voice."

REV. GEO. SLACK,

Mr. Ch. of England, Milton Parsonage, Canada.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

"Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Inflammation. Cures any Irritation or Inflammation of the Throat. Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption. Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS. Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."

Soothing and simple, Children can use them, As they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness."

Sold by all Druggists the United States, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

GOING IT WITH A RUSH!  
Skyrockets Nowhere!  
THE TELEGRAPH DISTANCED!  
STEAM PUT TO THE BLUSH!

THE LEVIATHAN—THE MAMMOTH—THE RHINOCEROS—THE HIPPOPOT—THOMAS—THE KILLHOUSES—THE KRAKEN OF COMIC PAPERS.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
Budget of Fun  
Budget of Fun  
Budget of Fun

IS INDLED OUT  
AND TEARING ABOUT.

The Irrepressible and Stupendous Number of November 1st contains the great picture of

BUCHANAN, THE POOR AUTHOR, AND BONNER, THE PUBLISHER.

(From an original Rembrandt.)

Foolish Flasher, by W. L. Davidge.

Lord Renfrew (of course).

The Committee Man of the Renfrew Ball.

Laugh Yourself to Death.

Picture of Countrymen, Family Men, Newly Married Men.

People who don't "see" Things.

The Ideal and the Real.

The Belle who Borrowed the Diamonds for the Renfrew Ball.

Irish Biddies.

The Old Fellow who proposes for his Daughters.

Renegades to the Prince of Wales.

Great Excitement in Communipaw.

The Great Mouse Hunt. How Vandercrasen and his Wife awoke, rose, tumbled, hallooed, carried on and smashed things generally, hunting a Mouse.

A Wide Awake Song.

All Sorts of Pictures.

All Sorts of Reading.

And the Fearful, Overwhelming and Enormous Engraving,

PIQUED AT A  
TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE,  
OF

BELSHAZZAR,

OR KING BUCHANAN WARNED BY PROPHET DANIEL GREELEY!

A PERFECT SCREAMER!

THE BIG THING OF THE CENTURY,

OR ANY OTHER MAN!

PRICE ONLY SIX CENTS

TO ANYBODY!

OR KING BUCHANAN WARNED BY PROPHET DANIEL GREELEY!

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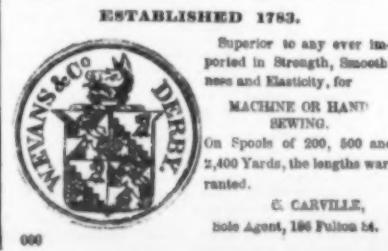
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Compressed Ivory of fine quality, all sizes, \$6 per set; 2 1/2 inch Bagatelle, \$6 per set; Fifteen Ball Pool, 2 1/4 inch, \$20; 2 1/2 inch, \$25 per set. If a ball breaks at any time by fair play I make it good without extra charge. Manufactured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING,

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SEWING MACHINES.

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Rapid and Noiseless, under Patent of Howe, Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson. Agents wanted.

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THEIR REVITALIZING AND PURIFYING THE BLOOD, IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, INVIGORATE THE LIVER, STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION, REGULATE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY, AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

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SEE PAGE 364.

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Also, to complete the set, an

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SEWING MACHINES,

Remarkably simple, manufactured with mathematical precision, hence are always in working order. One hour's practice will enable any one to sew with ease and rapidity.

Office, 508 Broadway. 2570

## SHAVER'S PATENT ERASER, &amp;c.—See advertisement next page. 257-610

A, the distance around the Neck.  
B to C, the Yoke.  
C to D, the Sleeve.  
D to E, distance around the Body, under the arm; E to F, the length of the Shirt.

## The Grover &amp; Baker

## NOISELESS

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

Is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The DOUBLE LOCK-STITCH formed by this Machine is found to be the only one which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

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Patented November 1st, 1859.



## THE MEASURES ARE

B, the distance around the Neck.  
C to D, the Yoke.  
C to E, the Sleeve.  
D to E, distance around the Body, under the arm; E to F, the length of the Shirt.

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## PATENT IMPROVED FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS,

PATENTED NOVEMBER 1st, 1859.

A NEW STYLE OF SHIRT, WARRANTED TO FIT. By sending the above measure per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half-a-dozen Shirts.

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## BALLOU BROTHERS,

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